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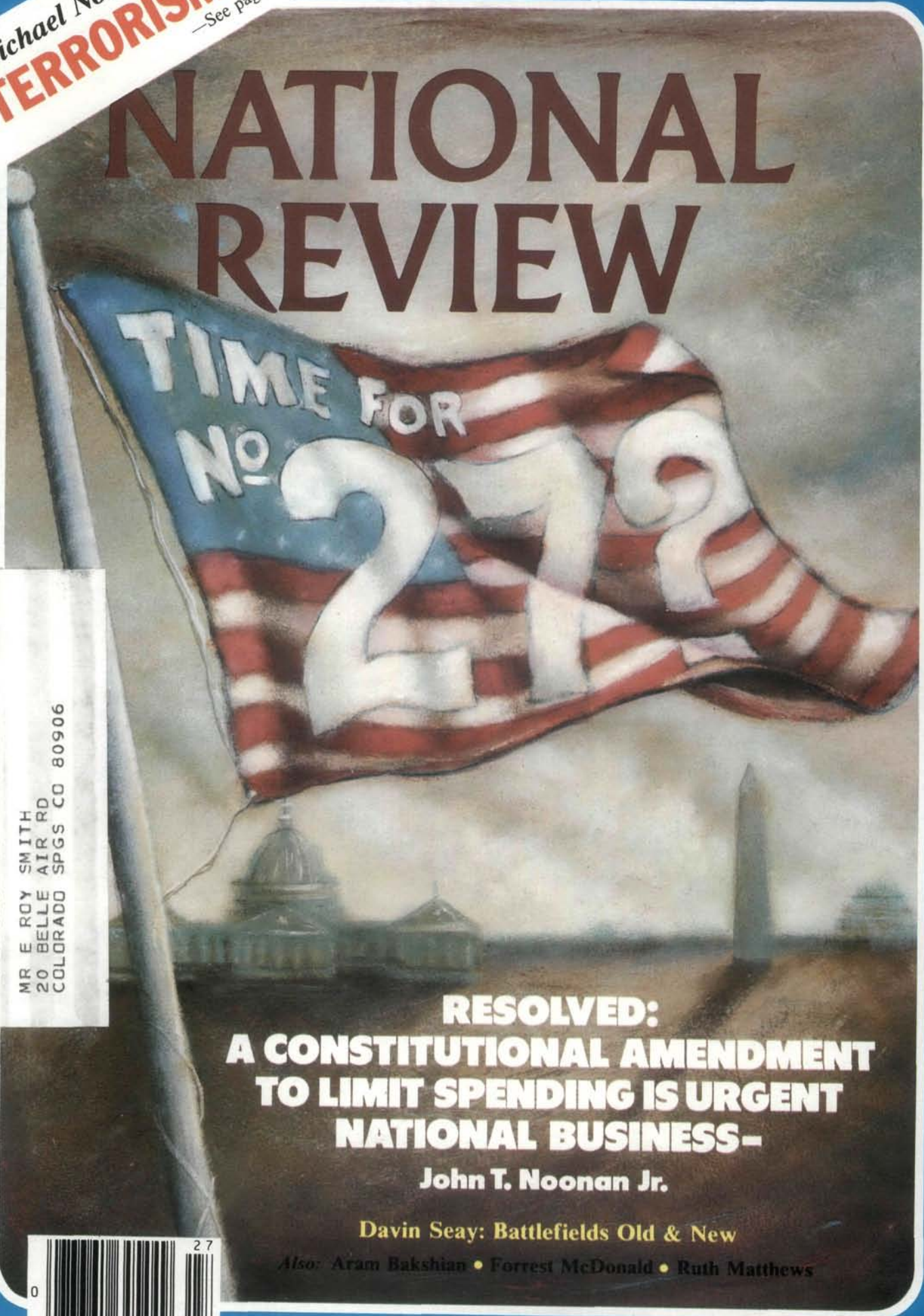
JULY 26, 1985

Michael Novak on
TERRORISM
—See page 41

NATIONAL REVIEW



**RESOLVED:
A CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT
TO LIMIT SPENDING IS URGENT
NATIONAL BUSINESS–**

John T. Noonan Jr.

Davin Seay: Battlefields Old & New

Also: Aram Bakshian • Forrest McDonald • Ruth Matthews

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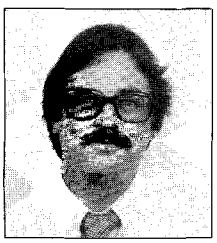
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NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1985. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $34.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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LETTERS

Bearing Left

Since the Reagan sweep last November, leading Democrats have been talking very loudly about moving the party back to the center. Yet on issue after issue (MX missile, budget cuts, *Contras*, South Africa, etc.) the left wing of the party has prevailed in setting the agenda.

Now Richard Brookhiser ["The Awful Advent of Tom Harkin," July 12] tells us why. Harkin and his partner in crime, Senator John Kerry of Massachusetts, are indicative of why the Democrats will be unable to recapture the middle in years to come. The party is unwilling to send politicians to Washington who are in touch with the conservative mood of the country. Democrats like Harkin and Kerry are young, telegenic, politically sophisticated, and *very* liberal. They are the future of the party, not a handful of older Southerners who side with the Republicans on many key issues. To those the Zeitgeist is clearly saying: Switch parties or die!

Tracy Susanne Ellis
Madison, N.J.

Back to Bitburg

Your reference to me in your issue of May 31 ["Letter from Washington"] seems to compound a practice of attributing matters to "sources" without ever checking with the source. First, you suggest that I leaked a story to Marvin Kalb. That is totally false. Prior to his NBC report I had never spoken to Marvin Kalb, ever. Nor did I on this occasion speak with anyone from NBC or any other media on the subject of Pat Buchanan's notes. Second, I did not see a phrase "succumbing to the pressure of the Jews," nor am I aware of any other person having seen that phrase and I have no idea how it crept into the reports. The only phrase which I saw was "succumb to pressure." Third, the sole purpose of our meeting with the White House staff was to convince them to cancel the Bitburg Cemetery visit; although there was discussion regarding the appearances of succumbing to pressure our point, among others, was that since the President was already obviously succumbing to pressures from one source or the other he should in this case do the right and proper thing, which was to cancel Bitburg.

Fourth, my effort to "exonerate" Buchanan derived from the unfairness of the publication of inaccuracies, part of which was improperly attributed to me. While I feel that the White House made many wrong decisions in connection with the President's visit to Germany, particularly regarding the cemetery visit, I felt it grossly unfair to base any criticism on what might appear in a man's notes, especially when the notes didn't say what the reports claimed. Fifth, since the record shows that NBC did not contact me prior to publishing its story, it should also show that neither did you.

Kenneth J. Bialkin
Chairman
Conference of Presidents of
Major American Jewish Organizations
New York, N.Y.

The single and seminal event, it should be remembered, that produced the anti-Semitism smear against Pat Buchanan was Mr. Bialkin's rendition of Buchanan's White House meeting scribblings, uttered by Bialkin with high consternation to a collection of his colleagues after that meeting. His remonstrance here is a clever arrangement of detail, but it should fool nobody. —CATO

Regardless of how one may choose to characterize the overwhelmingly negative response from Jews the world over to the Bitburg affair, the very last thing it could fairly be accused of being was an attempt "to use every devious trick of moral blackmail to try to wreck President Reagan's wholly laudable attempt, forty years after the war, to do justice to Germany's miraculous regeneration," as Peregrine Worsthorne charges ["The Week," June 28]. On the contrary, the Jewish protest throughout was entirely up-front and unmistakably clear as to its moral basis: that the SS, a criminal organization guilty of monstrously inhuman deeds, should not even impliedly be accorded forgiveness by the actions, however well-intentioned, of the President of the United States.

Moreover, every responsible Jewish spokesman, while deploring the Bitburg visit, took pains to emphasize the desirability, nay, the *necessity*, of reconciliation between the people of present-day West Germany and the Third Reich's wartime opponents and/or victims. Add to this Israeli Prime Minister Peres's remark that "when a friend [President Rea-

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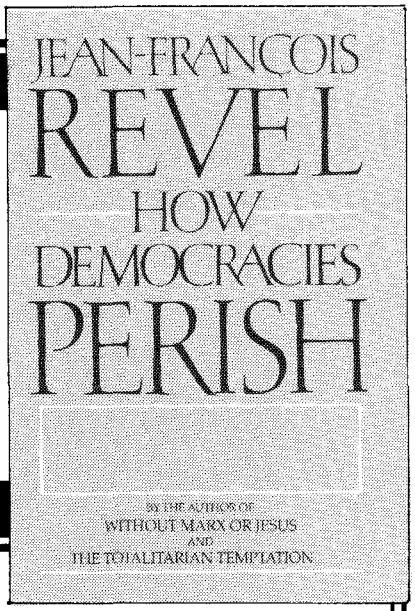
This is the book Jeane Kirkpatrick quoted in her stirring address to the Republican convention



Do you remember her words? "The American people know that it is dangerous to blame ourselves for terrible problems we didn't cause. They understand, just as the distinguished French writer, Jean-Francois Revel, understands the danger of endless self-criticism and self-denigration. He wrote: 'Clearly, a civilization that feels guilty for everything it is and does will lack the energy and conviction to defend itself.' "

That, briefly, is the kernel of this classic study of Western malaise. The Kremlin is playing the liberal West like a fiddle. Revel expands his analysis with several key points:

- ☐ Liberal democracies are *by nature* flabby. If liberal intellectuals hesitate to admit this — well, the Communists are in no hurry to embarrass them.
- ☐ Soviet disinformation *seeks out* the soft spots in our liberals. And finds them, all the time.
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- ☐ Case histories: how the left-liberals paved the way for these Red victories.
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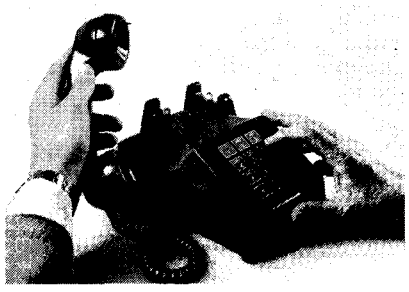

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gan] makes a mistake [Bitburg], he remains a friend, but the mistake remains a mistake," and one arrives at a quite different evaluation of the Jewish reaction to Bitburg from the nefarious one wrongfully ascribed to the Jews by Mr. Worsthorne.

In the foregoing context, I believe Leon Wieseltier was on target in accusing Mr. Worsthorne of "coarseness" and "prejudice" in this instance. And for NATIONAL REVIEW, with such unseemly alacrity, to label Mr. Worsthorne's base allegations "fairminded" and Mr. Wieseltier's reply "misrepresentation" tending to "strengthen Worsthorne's point" only serves to play into the hands of those who delight in claiming that while the anti-Semitism of the Left is merely a function of geopolitical expediency and hence ephemeral, that of the Right is visceral and ingrained and hence enduring.

Robert Leibowitz
New York, N.Y.

Junior Jeane Kirkpatricks

I hesitate to answer directly Charles Kesler's difficult question about whether the 15- to 24-year-olds of the free world really need their own United Nations by way of a Kingston-style assembly every year ["No Fun in the Sun," June 14]. But that is indeed what was at stake at the International Youth Year Conference.

Such events might best be regarded as opportunities, forums as open to and in need of good leadership as is the UN itself. We can ignore them. But perhaps, by attending, our politically minded young can learn how to get good questions on an agenda, how to organize support, how to anticipate countermoves, and how to analyze and rebut bad arguments.

The design of the Kingston convention may have been flawed. But if our young cannot or will not intellectually grapple with fringe types or with social-democratic neutralists at a relatively friendly gathering of democrats, where will this country get its next Jeane Kirkpatricks to do the good hard work in international forums like the UN, where so many members are *anti*-democratic?

Representative Jim Courter (R., N.J.)
Washington, D.C.

The Anti-Nuke Lobby

It is true that the U.S. nuclear electric power program has had management and construction problems and has been beset by a burdensome regulatory system. But "Nuclear Woes" ["The Week," June 14] and the *Forbes* essay it was based on wrongly imply that these problems have been at the *root* of the decline of nuclear power in the United States.

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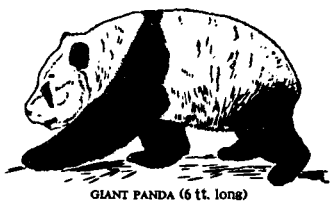

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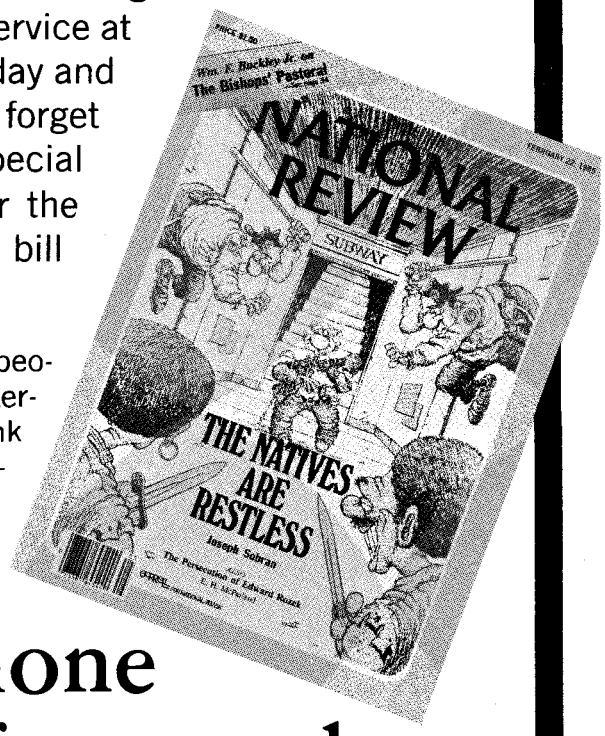

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What both you and *Forbes* omit is the role of professional anti-nuclear opponents, which lies at the heart of the matter. After ignoring their activities, the *Forbes* article finally indirectly admits just how crucial those groups have been. Thus, in the conclusion, the article notes that the French, who now obtain 60 per cent of their electricity from nuclear power, permit no public participation in the regulatory process once a project gets under way and that this "prohibition may be half the battle."

The anti-nuclear groups have had both a direct and an indirect effect in the delays which make it take, on average, twice as long to build nuclear plants here as abroad, and make them twice as expensive. The role of these groups in litigation and intervention in the licensing process is obvious, but their indirect impact upon the Nuclear Regulatory Commission has been even more important. Commissioners have admitted that they bend over backwards to try to satisfy the objections of these groups, and the end result has been the perfectionist standard and paperwork quagmires to which you refer. Since the anti-nuclear groups have no interest in making plants safer but are dedicated to abolishing nuclear power, the effort to assuage them is useless in any event.

And so while France, Japan, Finland —even Bulgaria—all derive, or will soon derive, most of their electricity from nuclear energy, the U.S., in a wild Luddite extravagance, is literally blowing in the wind billions of dollars of investment in the safest and most environmentally benign form of energy. We can scarcely expect to find a cure for this madness, if we can't even identify the source of the problem.

Rael Jean Isaac
Irvington, N.Y.

Mexican Media Squeeze

Marvin Alisky's report on Mexico ["Central America's Big Brother," June 28], in which he takes the Mexican media to task for being leftist-oriented, insinuates that said group could have done better if it had so chosen.

Alisky may not understand the Mexican media squeeze. There are droves of editors and writers who would give a different slant to reporting if they could.

To understand the Mexican media, you must understand that the government is the sole source of paper. Products used in printing are either manufactured by the government or imported with a special permit from the government.

While some opposition is tolerated and some pro-Western articles appear in many papers, no Mexican newspaper can go against the grain totally. To do so is to risk a reprimand, to be followed by a lack of permits for newsprint if the publication persists.

G. Bernhardt
San Antonio, Tex.

Divestiture Begins at Home

What I can't understand is why the students who cry so loudly for divestiture on the part of their universities continue to invest their own tuition funds at these universities ["The Week," May 17]. It is *their* money that is being invested in those hated South African corporations. Why do they not practice what they preach?

One could argue, I suppose, that they would then no longer be in a position to influence the policies of the university; but the students have already rejected this argument on the part of all those who would maintain any contact with South Africa, claiming that total separation from the unclean is the only moral alternative. I'm sure that, with their enlightened consciences, these students have a flawless ethical justification for their failure to divest. Any idea what it could be?

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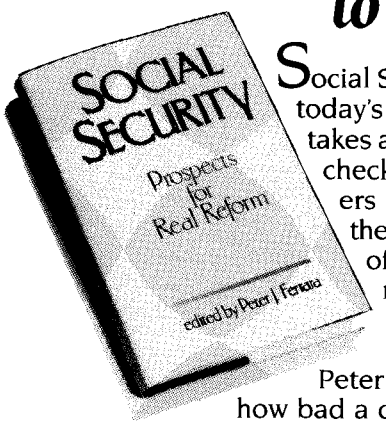
The Baby Boomers' Answer to Social Security?



Social Security is an increasingly bad deal for today's young workers. The payroll tax today takes a greater bite out of most workers' paychecks than the income tax, yet many workers will get less out of the system than they put into it. Polls show that 75 percent of young people don't trust Social Security to provide for their retirement, a fact reflected in the millions of new IRAs opened every year. In this book Peter Ferrara and other authors show just how bad a deal Social Security is and how much more a private retirement system could offer. Ferrara proposes a fundamental reform: a Super IRA that would guarantee today's elderly the benefits they are expecting, while giving young workers the option to choose a secure, private plan.

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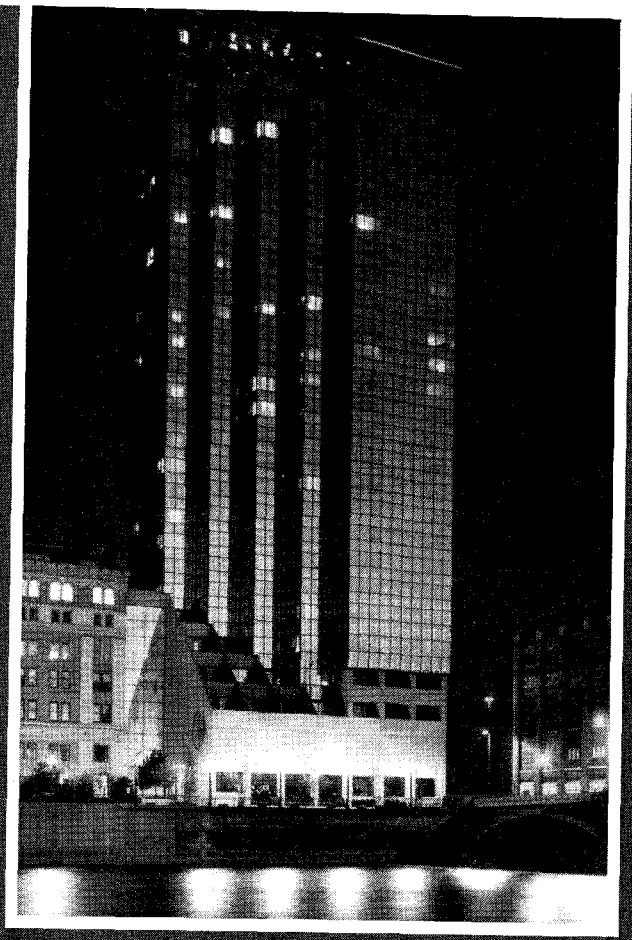

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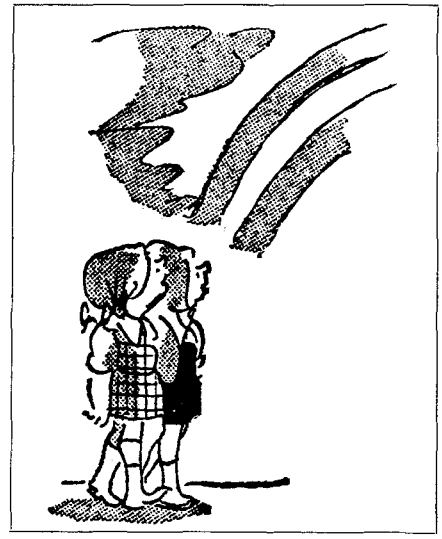
FOR THE RECORD

First poll (*Washington Post*/ABC News) taken as hostages arrived in Syria en route to Wiesbaden shows 75 per cent approval of **Ronald Reagan**'s handling of crisis, but 51 per cent doubtful that his handling of it will help "reduce the chances of such things happening in the future." Thirty-six per cent thought RR had not been tough enough. . . . **Mary McGrory**, for what it's worth, thinks Reagan "is the luckiest politician alive." . . . In general the Right lined up with the 36 per cent: The President was blasted by **George Will**, **Norman Podhoretz**, **Paul Weyrich**, and Moral Majority's **Ronald Godwin**, who called for **George Shultz**'s resignation. . . . At Georgetown's Center for Strategic and International Studies, **Robert C. Neumann** commented: "Every Administration has to take a course in Reality 101. To talk tough without being able to carry out what you say simply weakens you." . . . Former State Department Middle East expert **Joseph Sisco** believes this is Ronald Reagan's "coming to terms with reality." . . . *Washington Post*'s **David Broder**, lining up with the hards on this one, says country that offers terrorists shelter should be held responsible. Broder's plan: Day One, cease all commerce with sheltering country. Day Two, order all Americans out and help them to leave, using force if necessary. Day Three (or as soon thereafter as practicable), take retaliatory action, unless sheltering nation a) tries to get rid of terrorists or b) frees the hostages.



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* / Rothco

"My dad says at the end of the rainbow there's a crock of gold—and a Customs and Excise man."

In Athens, diplomatic channels abuzz with report that TWA 847 became target when it was discovered a top U.S. Middle Eastern intelligence agent would be aboard. Question they're asking: Who was responsible for the leak? . . . Greek Minister of Culture **Melina Mercouri** is much offended that **Zubin Mehta** and N.Y. Philharmonic Orchestra have canceled two performances in Greece because of poor airport security, putting crimp in designation of Athens as 1985 Culture Capital of Europe. . . . Jordanians report that high-ranking member of ruling Baath party in Syria whom they captured in May, **Hassan Hajaj Obeidat**, has revealed a Syrian-instigated terrorism campaign in Jordan aimed at destabilizing King **Hussein**. Bombs were to have gone off about one a day. . . . Not much publicity to signing of strategic alliance between Libya (**Qaddafi**) and Iran (**Khomeini**) a fortnight ago to establish joint military force to free Palestine from "Zionist occupation." . . . Western Europe was No. 1 terrorist target last year. Terrorist attacks took 349 lives.

New Democratic National Chairman **Paul Kirk** is doing his best to put national Democratic Party together again, but the going is rough. Although he managed to nix a mid-term miniconvention at which special interests usually beat up on the regulars, he caught it from the blacks, particularly Washington's Mayor **Marion Barry**, who told him: "We don't have to be slapped and kicked around." Barry was complaining that Kirk had failed to name a black mayor as an at-large delegate. . . . Other blacks at DNC meeting in Washington blasted **Jesse Jackson**. It's time, said New Orleans Mayor **Ernest Morial**, "for Jesse to get a political base of his own. It's time for Jesse to get elected." . . . **Lane Kirkland** is reported "horrified" at new poll that shows 30 per cent of AFL-CIO membership now identifies with Republican Party. . . . Major blow of DNC meeting was formal resignation of State Rep. **John Scott** of Louisiana, from DNC and from Democratic Party. He's now a Republican. . . . In four pilot states—Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Louisiana, and Florida—Republicans are testing TV ads urging Democrats to "get rid of **Walter Mondale** and **Teddy Kennedy** . . . and the party of the past," and register Republican. . . . And ADA president **Barney Frank**, concerned about dwindling ADA membership, has launched a new membership drive on the assumption that "the public is more liberal than it knows."

Where Are They Now: **Felix Greene**, the fellow-traveling journalistic apologist for Red China (film documentaries *One Man's China*, *Tibet*), died in Mexico a fortnight ago, of cancer. Greene, a cousin of **Graham Greene**, beat even **Wilfred Burchett** into North Vietnam. . . . **Daniel** (Danny the Red) **Cohn-Bendit**, a leader of the French student riots in 1968, is now a delegate of the Green Party in the Bundestag, and is going establishment. Cohn-Bendit favors an alliance with the Social Democrats. "Protest politics alone," he says, "are like a car blinking its lights to let society know there is a problem." . . . **George McGovern** says that if he had to choose between the *Contras* and the Sandinistas, "with the interests of both Nicaragua and the United States in mind, I would go with the Sandinistas."

Daily World (CPUSA) columnist **Norman Markowitz** has answer to question: "Why doesn't this [hijackings] happen to the Soviets?" Answer: Because "many peoples throughout the world *don't see the Soviet Union or socialism as the source of their oppression*." (Italics his.)

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THE WEEK

☐ Yeah. And what about Robert Stethem?

☐ Remember July 4, 1976? The Israelis hit Entebbe on July 3 and brought their people home on the Fourth.

☐ "*Barbary pirates:* Moorish corsairs who plagued Mediterranean shipping from the sixteenth century until France occupied Algeria in 1830." Yes. And food, indeed, for thought.

☐ Interest rates have been falling steadily, two points in less than three months, and most economists could not have been more surprised had Galbraith's lectern begun to levitate from the podium of its own accord. How could interest rates fall when the frightful deficit remained untamed? Whatever the answer to this interesting question (and it probably has mostly to do with a collapse of inflationary expectations) it should be noted that the interest-rate slump has done more for farmers than any bailout, more for manufacturers than any "industrial policy," and enough for realtors to make up for the tax benefits Treasury II is likely to take away.

☐ After more than fifty years, word is finally getting out about the millions who died in Ukraine in 1932–33. A Montreal filmmaker, Yuri Luhovy, has edited and produced *Harvest of Despair*, a 57-minute horror show about the Soviet-made famine in Ukraine. Not as imaginative as the Nazis, Soviet exterminators solved their Ukrainian problem by sealing off the borders of Ukraine and making sure no food got in and no Ukrainians got out. No songs were written in the West, no movie stars visited the region—and most Western reporters even denied a famine was taking place (Malcolm Muggeridge was one of the few exceptions). By the end of two years, between five and nine million Ukrainians had died. Anyone who sees the film will understand immediately why Robert Conquest refers to the Ukraine of that time as one vast Belsen. Until recently, the Soviets had managed to stifle news about their man-made famine. Now word is beginning to leak out. *Harvest of Despair* has been seen and acclaimed by viewers in Western Europe and Canada. However, no American network or public television station has seen fit to broadcast it, even though it won a first prize at the recent Houston International Film Festival. With people starving to death under a Soviet-dominated regime in Ethiopia, *Harvest of Despair* has achieved a grisly topicality. It deserves an American audience.

☐ Joyous and deeply moving celebrations of the United Nations' fortieth anniversary were held in Washington, Paris, London, Moscow, Peking, Kuala Lumpur, Addis Ababa, and other major capitals of the world. Some of the emotion and festiveness was generated, no doubt, in response to the series of fortieth-anniversary ceremonies that have marked other events associated with the end of World War II; but for the most part, the day was a tribute to the UN itself. "We have learned much from the ideals of the UN," said Mikhail Gorbachev, "and we have much still to learn." "A torch of idealism in an overcast world," said President Reagan. "God bless it, from the bottom of our hearts." In Zimbabwe thousands of schoolchildren of the Matabele tribe wove special capes from the skins of the desert cheetah, while beneath the fabulous domes of St. Peter's, Pope John Paul II celebrated a rare triple mass. Bands played, poets sang, and the choirs of a hundred nations raised their yearning voices. Hallelujah.

☐ Common Cause staffers are still wincing over an unexpected result in their magazine's regular readers' poll. The question asked was: "Should the U.S. institute economic sanctions against South Africa?" And the answer, from what must be a cross-section of lib-

Islam Explained

It seems Mohammed, when he died,
Left no one clearly specified
To govern as the Prophet willed;
At any rate, some heirs got killed—
Which ones we needn't bother with:
The point is, all his kin and kith
Since then have bashed each other numb
Till Paradise looks like a slum.

W. H. von Dreele

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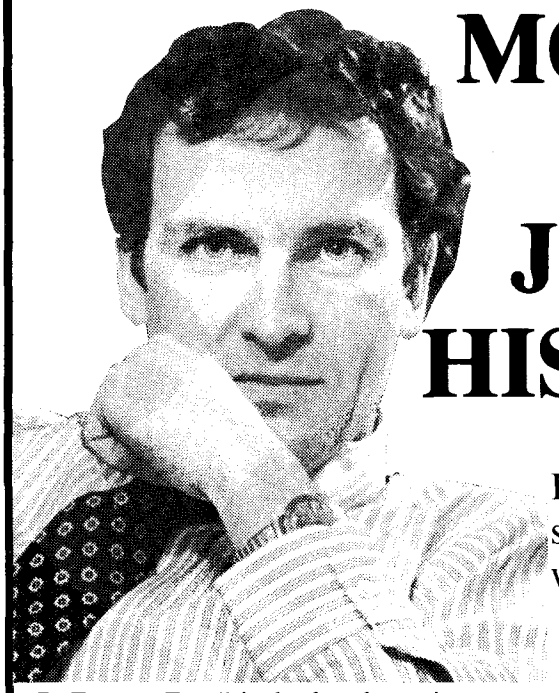

If you are not yet familiar with R. Emmett Tyrrell's sharp, sophisticated satire, here's a money-saving way to get acquainted.

R. Emmett Tyrrell is the founder and editor-in-chief of *The American Spectator,* the rowdiest, most risible, most cantankerously independent magazine of political and cultural comment in America today. He is also the author of, among other books, *The Liberal Crack-Up,* recently published in hard cover by Simon and Schuster.

In every monthly issue of the tabloid-size *American Spectator*—and in the pages of *The Liberal Crack-Up*—Tyrrell's writing crackles in a rapid-fire barrage of rigorous logic and outrageous lampoonery. Among his favorite targets: the pinheaded faddists, trendies, mountebanks, and purveyors of foolishly utopian cant who—in the name of the once-respectable tradition of political and cultural liberalism—have become so sozzled on crackpot radical notions that by now they have lost touch with the values, aspirations, and needs of the vast majority of the American people. The changing winds of today's increasingly neo-conservative climate in politics, culture, and the arts have left these "New Age liberals" isolated and becalmed—their snail darter banners hanging limp and inert above a Sargasso Sea of dead ideas.

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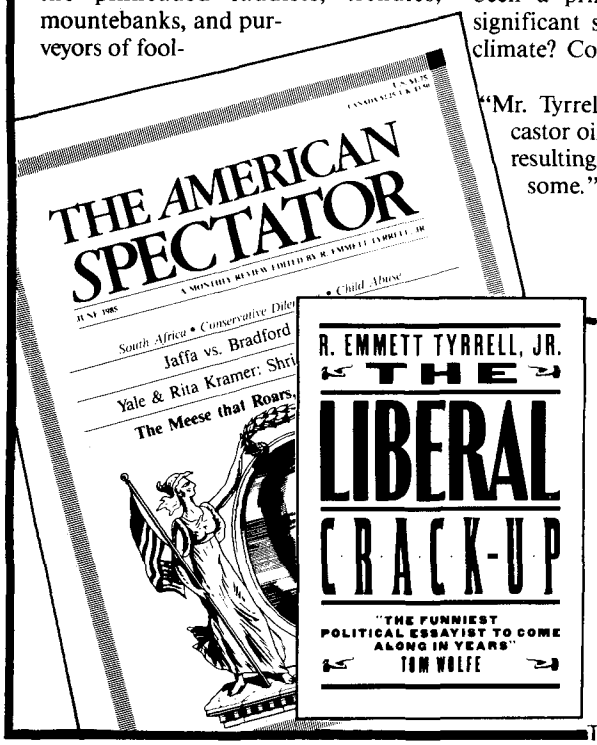

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

"WHEN THE FEATHERS hit the fan, your Egyptian and Jordanian buddies can't help you, and I can." That's what Hafez al-Assad said to Bud McFarlane in less bowdlerized language, according to one Middle East insider in Washington. Why did Assad come through? "He wants to be recognized as the most important power broker in the Middle East, someone who must be dealt with if anything is to get done," says a White House senior aide, noting that Assad had no place in the Camp David agreement or the Shultz-engineered Lebanon/Israel accord of May 1983, or in the current Hussein/Mubarak/Arafat effort.

"The press will play up Assad as a humanitarian because of this," says a Capitol Hill expert on Lebanon. "That's a joke. Assad wants to keep the U.S. out of Lebanon, where it would have been if the hostage crisis had lasted." Redeployment of regional military forces tends to support that thinking. Two squadrons of F-16s were relocated to U.S. bases in Turkey (which shares a long border with Syria); U.S. servicemen's leaves were canceled in the Mediterranean; the Pentagon let it be known that two Marine divisions would be sent to the Middle East for potential major military action; and reconnaissance satellites were shifted to target the Lebanese town of Baalbek, the focus of terrorist training and activity. The U.S. was counting on Soviet intelligence to relay these developments to Syria, which, according to a CIA source is in fact what happened.

These maneuverings, plus President Reagan's hawkish characterization of the hijackers on Saturday as "thugs, murderers, and barbarians," led Syria to phone the State Department to demand no post-release reprisals, which, in turn, prompted State to repeat its boilerplate statement that the United States' "long-standing support for the preservation of Lebanon" would continue. The biggest plus from this hijacking horror is that George Shultz has finally come to see how indispensable Hafez al-Assad is to Middle East dealmaking, a lesson that really seems to have taken hold, since Shultz is now crediting Assad for "working assiduously" for the release of the remaining seven hostages held in Lebanon.

The political shootout on the Northeast Corridor between New York Governor Mario Cuomo and White House Communications Director Pat Buchanan left no bodies on the pavement: Cuomo scrambled for cover and Buchanan held his ground, smoking six-shooter in hand, eyeing the territory for any other tax-reform deviants. The first shot, you'll remember, was fired by Buchanan at a June 7 briefing for economics editors, when he charged that opposition to tax reform was spearheaded by the "Cuomo side of the Democratic Party," and was "neosocialist" in intent and effect. "Stunningly irresponsible," cried Cuomo. "Transparent demagoguery which, if it does not set a new low, is certainly a tough record to beat." In matches like this, Richard Nixon had taught Buchanan "to make sure that you shoot up, not down," referring to the station of your opponent. Clearly Buchanan took Nixon's advice, as Cuomo did not, which is why political mavens here believe that PJB is ahead in the duel, even though tax reform is now in some not inconsiderable trouble.

Red Chinese President Li Xiannian will meet with President Reagan here on July 23. In the Li entourage will be the head of Peking's commission on Hong Kong as well as Chinese officials in charge of Soviet affairs and technology, suggesting the mandatory agenda items. "Li is coming at a critical time in Sino-American relations," notes one Capitol Hill Reaganite and Oriental expert: "The Chinese have re-estimated the relative strength of the U.S. vis-à-vis the USSR, and have concluded that we are now more powerful than the Russians. As they see it, this means the Soviet threat to them is lower." This perceived American dominance doesn't necessarily mean the Chinese will warm to the United States. In fact, with an improving economy and a diminished fear of the Soviets, the Chinese may move into a stance more independent of *both* superpowers. "With problems of the economy and the Soviets in train," predicts a State Department China-watcher, "Taiwan will be moved back to the front burner." Richard Nixon, by the way, will visit China in August; George Bush, in October (or late September). Meanwhile, Winston Lord, friend and former top aide to Henry Kissinger, will soon replace Arthur Hummel as U.S. ambassador to Peking. —CATO

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eral America, came back loud and clear: No. Sixty-one per cent opposed sanctions, only 29 per cent approved them, and 10 per cent were unsure. Comments included: "They are making progress [against apartheid]. To undermine their effort through disinvestment or sanctions is plain stupid." And: "Meddling in the affairs of another nation is a delightful way of compensating for one's inability to solve the problems of one's own country." And—this one a breath of fresh air in the Common Cause cloisters—"It's all too easy to be holier-than-thou."

☐ Several Afghan air-force officers have reportedly been executed for blowing up some twenty Soviet-made jets, a quarter of the Afghan air force. The saboteurs had been upset over the previous execution of three pilots who disobeyed orders to bomb Herat and instead dropped their bombs harmlessly in a deserted suburb.

☐ Soviet authorities have been quietly rehabilitating the memory of an obscure bureaucrat who disappeared some years ago. He is thought to have been quite stern, but this can be overlooked given "the deep Russian yearning for a strong central figure of authority." (If it weren't for this yearning, the USSR would probably have to close its borders to keep malcontents from running away.) There is even talk of renaming the city of Volgograd after this forgotten figure. The new name would be Stalingrad.

☐ A story is going the rounds in the Soviet Union

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about a man who lost his parrot. After searching for the bird without success, he did what any prudent Soviet citizen would do. He went straight to the local KGB headquarters and said, "Pardon me, but I have lost my parrot. Just in case you find him, I want you to know that I totally disagree with his political viewpoint."

☐ Then there is the story about a meeting between Gromyko and Chernenko, some months before the latter's demise. "Andrei," said Chernenko, "I want you to do something about these confusing international time zones. They are causing me terrible problems." Puzzled, Gromyko asked what the trouble was. "Well," said Chernenko, "take, for example, when Indira Gandhi was shot. I called with condolences and I was a day late. Or take when John Paul II was shot. I called with condolences, and I was a day early."

☐ The Chinese, busy catching up with the world, are eager to join the ecological movement, but don't quite seem to have the hang of it yet. When they sent their first Antarctic expedition to King George Island, the Chinese team "kicked penguins around like soccer balls," chased them over cliffs, ate them, and tortured nesting seabirds, according to a West German team present.

☐ Yale's retiring president A. Bartlett Giamatti is reported to have announced in the Mount Holyoke college chapel that he's a "lapsed Congregationalist," and we tend to believe he said it. Pure Monty Python. Only a great joker would have come up with that formulation, and we may have underestimated Mr. Giamatti in the past.

☐ Discrimination suits against universities are common stuff these days; a faculty member fails to receive that key appointment, so he or she sues on the basis of racial or sexual bias. Many of these suits are without merit, usually the result of a bitter tenure dispute. But once in a while a case will contain a new twist. At Fordham University, a Jesuit institution, Assistant Professor of Communications Phyllis Zagano has charged the university with discriminating against her because she is 1) a woman, 2) a "vigorous" Catholic, and 3) a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve. When Mrs. Zagano's case was being reviewed by the Fordham faculty, a key witness on her behalf, the Reverend Joseph Fitzpatrick, was not allowed to testify. Father Fitzpatrick, a liberal sociologist, wondered why the decision not to offer Mrs. Zagano another contract focused on her Catholic activities. "I was puzzled and disappointed that I was not given the opportunity to present the testimony which I had prepared," he said, adding that "it was never clear to me why so much attention was given to Dr. Zagano's Catholic interests." Her contention that she was not offered a new contract because of her sex and religion is based on the fact that George Gordon—the former Communications Department chairman who made the decision not to rehire her—is a contributor to *Screw*, a New York-based porno magazine. Mrs. Zagano maintains that Gordon's work for *Screw* (including a graphic treatise on masturbatory techniques) is indicative of his attitudes toward women and Catholic values. The whole case is cause to wonder about *Fordham's* attitudes toward women and Catholic values as well.

☐ Whether or not a jury convicts Bernhard Goetz of attempted murder in last December's subway shooting (which is unlikely), the subsequent actions of one of his "victims" indicate that Goetz was indeed confronting thuggery. James Ramseur (a 19-year-old whose only crime, we were told, was to be born black and poor in New York City) was arrested last month for the rape/robbery of a young woman in the Bronx. The ordeal left the girl hospitalized for four days. After the first grand jury refused to indict Goetz in January, Goetz's supporters grew complacent. Then the drone began: about Goetz's "racism," his obsession with "vengeance," his arsenal, and of course, from Kenneth Clark, et al., the business about how Goetz's attackers were the real victims. So Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau, operating through a little-used loophole in New York State law, sought indictment for the second time. Morgenthau produced a mystery witness, namely Ramseur, to convince the grand jury (successfully, this time) to indict Goetz for attempted murder. In exchange for his testimony, Ramseur was granted immunity from prosecution. Had Morgenthau not, under political pressure, crusaded for Goetz's scalp, and had he not freed Ramseur, Ramseur might have been behind bars in late June, not raping his next-door neighbor, who ought to bring charges against Morgenthau as a politically motivated accessory before the fact.

☐ Two years ago, Senator Helms asked the Treasury Department whether it was possible for witchcraft groups to get a tax exemption on religious grounds. The answer finally arrives: Yes. Bet you're not surprised.

Bugler, Sound Retreat

With Dole, they slithered up the hill,
Aware that frozen COLAs kill,
But near the crest, unlike the Brits
Who blasted Bunker Hill to bits,
Dole and his daring buddies blinked
When Tip O'Neill became distinct.

W. H. von Dreele

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☐ Just to boil it all down, Mario Cuomo wants to take money from the taxpayers and give it to the people who cover the subway cars with graffiti.

Perdicaris Alive, Raisuli Alive

THE NAMES of Raisuli and Perdicaris were, of course, most memorably linked in the famous cable of John Hay, Theodore Roosevelt's Secretary of State. Raisuli was a Moroccan bandit who made a living, at the anarchic turn of the century, by kidnapping Westerners and holding them for ransom. Among his victims was a Greek-American, Ion Perdicaris. Perdicaris's capture set in motion a long train of negotiations, much like those of the present day. In the midst of them, President Roosevelt dispatched four warships to the Moroccan coast, with a reminder to our diplomat on the spot: "This government wants Perdicaris alive, or Raisuli dead." Perdicaris was freed.

No one, as we go to press, knows what President Reagan now plans to do about the outrages against American lives and property perpetrated by the modern-day Raisulis. The terrorists think they know: nothing. Four masked Shiites declared, at a press conference after the release of the TWA 39, that the United States had been humiliated, and that the "oppressed" around the world now know that they can move against the "Great Satan." We are at war, and if the President does not know it, he should clear his mind of cant. What he does in the near future to send the message that these assaults are not risk-free ventures will determine whether he has presided over a catastrophe, or merely delayed the consummation for humanitarian reasons.

Reagan's conduct so far has been a series of blunders. For two weeks, the Administration let itself be a media shuttlecock, feeding an insatiable press with daily briefings. (That practice was finally stopped.) Americans were still able to fly into Athens and Beirut airports. The boycott should have been immediate and total; and the carriers of other countries which continued to patronize those aeronautic muggers' alleys could have been forbidden to land in the United States.

Reagan's great gift is to speak clearly and sensibly even when he is unable, or unwilling, to act. But even the rhetoric here has shown cracks. In his press conference a fortnight ago, Reagan suggested that America would be behaving like the terrorists if it were to retaliate indiscriminately; he thereby obliterated a distinction of crucial importance. States retain their legitimacy even when they err; terrorists never lose their criminality, even when they treat their victims to farewell dinners. There was also the hint, put out by a number of spokesmen, that the Israelis were being rather difficult in the matter of their Shiite prisoners, and anyway, they had been wrong to convey them to Israel in the first place. Maybe they were; but so what? To look for fall guys in Tel Aviv when the problem was in Beirut was pusillanimous. The Administration, finally, did maintain the pretense that it would not negotiate with terrorists, or consider their demands. Pretenses do count for something. But since it was obvious that negotiating and considering was exactly what was going on, this particular pretense did not count for much. The moral spectrum was skewed accordingly; the odious Nabih Berri becoming a necessary, if distasteful, intermediary; while Syria was transformed into a bastion of common sense.

Ramsey Clark, formerly Attorney General, now flack and counsel-at-large for the international Left, insisted, in an exchange with *NR* senior editor Richard Brookhiser on a New York newscast, that life, and the saving of it, was the most important principle. It is. But the principle covers the lives, not just of the hostages, but of the thousands of Americans who travel the world over every day. The only form of that principle relevant to the business of the American Government is that *no one* harms a hair of an ordinary, law-abiding American's head with impunity. One of the reasons Reagan's hostage crisis lasted 17 days, while Carter's lasted 444, is surely that the terrorists with whom Reagan was dealing feared retribution. Their fears must be shown to have been entirely reasonable. The Party of God, Nabih Berri's Amal—these are not shadowy organizations whose provenance and whereabouts are unknown. Our reprisals against them must be swift, severe, and public.

A pattern emerges. In this hemisphere—in Central America and the Caribbean, which are, after all, closest to the United States—Reagan has shown an ability to shape the agenda: pre-eminently, in Grenada; more subtly, in Central America, where the debate has shifted from whether to support Duarte, to whether to support the *Contras*. Further afield, however, there is a dangerous tendency toward passive crisis management. Jaruzelski's putsch, the destruction of KAL 007, the murder of Major Nicholson, the hijacking of an airliner with Americans aboard to Teheran,

Paul Kirk, Tree Surgeon

He's wired limbs about to break,
Refined the topsoil with a rake,
And pounded holes designed to fill
With fertilizer for the ill.
Some horticulturists insist
The tree is off the danger list,
But Democrats in Texas keep
Demanding it be put to sleep.

W. H. VON DREELE

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the kidnapping of American officials and educators—all these (admittedly diverse) crises flared and faded without any major response. In this crucial responsibility, this defense of civilization itself, Ronald Reagan, sadly, looks more like his immediate predecessor as time passes. What he decides to do next will be fateful both for his credibility vis-à-vis the waiting terrorists, and for the lives and security of Americans everywhere.

The Other Hijacking

MARSHALL MCLUHAN once defined the media as the only industry which can be hijacked with its own consent. During the TWA hijacking, the press's consent was freely and eagerly given. Like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, they did make love to their employment.

And what was the value of their coverage—considered from a purely journalistic standpoint? A group of captives is moved from country to country; they are deprived of any contact with their government and their friends. One of their number is beaten and murdered. These helpless souls have microphones thrust in their faces and are asked to discourse on all manner of issues, from their treatment to the grievances of the Shiites (their armed guards, meanwhile, never leave the room). Their "answers" are then gravely reported as inside stuff—by the same people who resent the "manipulations" of Ronald Reagan.

Publicity is the essence of terrorism; it is precisely what creates the terror. The press may never be able to cure its structural compulsions to collaborate; but we ought to see through what's going on. News ends at the barrel of a gun.

We Declare

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE is the reason we still celebrate the Fourth of July, but it isn't quoted very often these days. Although its author, Thomas Jefferson, was an eighteenth-century liberal, it wasn't exactly what twentieth-century liberalism had in mind. In fact it is mildly surprising that the Supreme Court hasn't forbidden its use in public schools.

The Declaration makes references to the "Creator," "Nature's God," and "divine Providence." It affirms that God is the source of our "unalienable rights." It even includes the right to life.

Among its charges against King George is that "he has erected a Multitude of new Offices, and sent hither Swarms of Officers to harrass our People, and eat out their Substance." King George was ahead of his time: he would have fitted right into the Great Society.

King George is also accused of inciting "the merciless Indian Savages" to attack the colonists. That kind of talk about Native Americans would be enough to drive today's liberal into the arms of the British. It fails to understand the Indians' culture or their legitimate aspirations.

The Declaration claims for the fledgling United States "full Power to levy War." Liberalism disapproves of that kind of talk: Isn't the whole point of setting up a government the elimination of poverty and injustice?

The signers of the Declaration, appealing to Providence, conclude by pledging to each other "our lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor." Liberalism has a positive horror of loyalty oaths. In fact it is a little suspicious of loyalty itself: Loyalty is "divisive." The only loyalty liberalism recognizes is a "higher" loyalty—e.g., to "mankind"—which is always more abstract than the relevant loyalty at hand, and turns out to be no loyalty at all.

The Declaration, in short, is a bellicose assertion of American identity. That is why liberals wouldn't like it if they read it. Most other Americans, however, would.

The Emerging Cuomo Question

IT IS BEING said around the White House that Governor Mario Cuomo, a presumptive 1988 presidential candidate, is "thin-skinned" and therefore can probably be suckered into self-destructive behavior. Apparently so, but Cuomo's problems may go a lot further than the thinness of his skin. Cuomo does things in broad daylight that George Washington could not get away with at 4 A.M.

Cuomo has a peculiar self-image, imagining, somewhat romantically, that he is a kind of street tough. Last fall, he boasted to reporters that though he is now too old and creaky to play pickup basketball, he nevertheless would, if he found himself in a game, equalize the situation through the free use of his elbows and knees. He evidently thinks it is "tough" to violate the rules, but we have news for him. Among the people who customarily play pickup basketball Mr. Cuomo would throw an elbow once, and then they would have to find a substitute for him.

He also boasted to reporters—and this seems to be one of his traits—that it was he who had put the newly nominated Geraldine Ferraro up to denigrating the quality of President Reagan's Christian beliefs. The elbows again. Mr. Cuomo evidently thought that this was a brilliant political stratagem, but it certainly shows us something of the quality of Mr. Cuomo.

A few years ago, Mr. Cuomo actually seemed rather attractive. Yes, he is a "neosocialist" and a "redistributer" as Pat Buchanan charges. But he had played some semi-pro baseball—unusual for a politician—and he showed signs of considerable literacy. He ran a reasonable campaign for governor against Lewis Lehrman,

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GUEST EDITORIAL

Reflections on von Bülow

IN THE PAST, when asked about a verdict in a famous trial, one was justified in responding: I wasn't on the jury, therefore I don't have all the facts. Things have changed. The jury now is likely to learn less about a case before it than the average newspaper reader. How did this come to pass?

The purpose of trials used to be to determine the guilt or innocence of defendants on the basis of the available evidence. That purpose has become secondary to the desire of the judiciary to teach law-enforcement agencies lessons by not admitting any evidence obtained in violation of the Constitution. (The Constitution does not provide that such evidence cannot be admitted. That idea was invented by the judiciary.) A strong case can be made for punishing policemen who violate the Constitution. But they are not punished by not admitting evidence; the public is.

The courts interpret the exclusionary rules they have invented with a vengeance. Thus, the guilty verdict against Claus von Bülow was overturned because, in his first trial, the prosecution did not get a warrant before sending a hypodermic needle—which it had obtained quite legitimately—to a laboratory. The laboratory found insulin traces on it. That evidence should not have been admitted, according to the Rhode Island Supreme Court, which overturned the verdict. In the second trial, other evidence was excluded as well, whereupon the jury did not find von Bülow guilty. Because the prosecutor sent the needle to the laboratory without a warrant, von Bülow is no longer guilty of attempted murder.

Judges also insist on misinterpreting the Fifth Amendment, which states that "no person shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." This clearly means that defendants cannot be compelled to answer questions; it has been interpreted to mean that they cannot be *asked* questions unless they volunteer. Thus our trials are like *Hamlet* without the prince. The jury is to decide whether the defendant did it, but he need not answer any questions or give his version of the facts—and the jury cannot infer anything from his refusal.

The traditions of the common law meant to shield juries from misleading testimony have now been elaborated by our courts so as to withhold evidence from the jury. When these protections were invented, juries decided several major cases in a day, often without the assistance of counsel. It made sense to shield them. Today's juries have time and are assisted by counsel on each side. How can we entrust decisions of life and death to them, yet not trust them to be able to evaluate all the available evidence?

Trials should determine whether the defendant is guilty according to the evidence, not whether the presumed evidence of guilt should be admitted. Disciplining the police is important, but should be done directly. And jurors should be treated as adults.

—ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

descending only once to what apparently is his normal form by attacking Lehrman for wearing an expensive wrist-watch. Cuomo's published journal about the campaign was surprisingly reflective, and surprisingly melancholy, laced with thoughts of possible impending death. Again, unusual.

But with Cuomo, there is always the down side. In Ed Koch's book *Mayor*, a best-seller last year, Koch blames the Cuomo campaign against him for spreading the underground slogan: "Vote for Cuomo, not the Homo." Koch is a bachelor. Cuomo denies any complicity, but Koch is emphatically convinced otherwise.

At San Francisco, Cuomo, in his famous trash-America dust-bowl speech, came up with a vicious whopper, charging that the Reagan Administration gave money to a country where four nuns were murdered and then lied about it. Mr. Cuomo must know that the nuns died during the Carter Administration, which also aided El Salvador.

And now we have his latest aberration. In the midst of the Bitburg furor, columnist and *NR* senior editor Joseph Sobran had been defending the President's decision to go. Sobran's columns consisted of good, solid argumentation. Of course, not everyone agreed with them, but what else is new? And it should be unnecessary to say that Sobran is neither an anti-Semite nor—he strongly favors limited government—a National Socialist. Anyway, an Albany cartoonist chose to depict Sobran in a Nazi uniform.

Funny? Ha ha. But Governor Cuomo loved it. He sat down and wrote a letter to the editor, which was published, in which he celebrated this absurdity. Evidently Mr. Cuomo feels that disagreeing with Sobran is not enough: You have to lie about him. Increasingly the style seems to be the man.

Mr. Cuomo does have a brighter side. His speech on church and state at Notre Dame was thoughtful and intellectually courageous. Not every politician would

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have risked the judgment of an academic audience on a complicated topic. But most of the time, Mr. Cuomo's darker angels seem to be prevailing.

Mario, we are just getting to know you. But we are watching.

Reynolds Wrap

THOUGH TWO WEEKS AGO the President was pledging to fight to the death for William Bradford Reynolds's promotion to Associate Attorney General, it now looks as if the Administration has accepted defeat. To his credit, Reynolds did not do the graceful thing and resign. He retains his position as head of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, where he will make "civil-rights" advocates far more miserable than he would have as Associate Attorney General.

Of the broader implications of this affair, two stand out. The first is that Reynolds's defeat itself undercuts one of the most powerful justifications for aggressive judicial intervention in the civil-rights arena. It has traditionally been argued that minorities have insufficient power in the political process to protect their interests, and therefore the courts must specially protect them by closely scrutinizing any governmental or even private action that in some way appears discriminatory. The defeat of Reynolds has shown the black-power lobby (an altogether more accurate term than "civil-rights groups") to be one of the strongest in the country.

Until the Reynolds case, a powerful tradition required that presidential nominees not be rejected for policy reasons alone. In all the other cases of Reagan nominees who have been stalled in the Senate, some elaborate non-policy justification had been erected to satisfy that tradition. In the Reynolds case this was not thought necessary. Reynolds was rejected almost blatantly for policy reasons. As soon as they had won, black-power groups were crowing that they had delivered a major setback to Reagan's civil-rights policy. Seldom has a minority wielded so much power.

The other lesson is that liberal Republicans sleep with the fishes. Conservatives have long debated among themselves whether and when to tolerate successful liberal Republican politicians, given that high GOP numbers in Congress (and these days control of the Senate) have been tactically useful. When it comes to Charles Mathias, the liberal Republican senator from Maryland who torpedoed the Reynolds nomination, the question should be considered settled. The minimum price for support from the mainstream GOP ought to be service to basic party interests. That would include voting with a Republican President and Republican congressional leaders on procedural and formal questions. Given the tradition that the President gets whom he wants unless he appoints crooks or incompetents, approval of Republican nominees ought to be a mere formality for Republican senators of whatever ideological disposition.

Senator Mathias flunked a very basic test of party loyalty. Since party loyalty has been all that has kept conservative Republicans from going after him, it may now be considered open season in Maryland. As for Arlen Specter, the Republican from Pennsylvania who also voted wrong—well, everybody gets one. But Senator Specter should consider himself to be under, as the courts would say, heightened scrutiny.

The Great Debt Dance: Running from Reality

DOWN IN Washington, the great developing-country debt dance is picking up tempo. With Fed Chairman Paul Volcker urging them on, the U.S. Treasury, the International Monetary Fund, and the World Bank (until recently, something of a wallflower at this party) are dashing around cobbling up debt-rescheduling

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and bailout packages designed to keep everyone's mind off the awful truth: Eventually, somebody's going to have to write off a mountain of worthless Latin American and African loans.

In the case of Latin America, that "somebody" is the commercial banks. They have already written off a good deal of their Bolivian paper (inflation rate: 34,000 per cent) and are getting ready to do the same in Peru. But in Chile—scene of the most recent Treasury-IMF-World Bank bailout—and in Argentina, the charade still goes on. The bank regulatory agencies, cowed by the Treasury and the Fed, go along with the fiction that most of the loans in question are still going to be fully paid.

In Africa, it's the IMF itself that is trying to get out whole. It went on an incomprehensible lending binge several years ago that now requires the mismanaged and drought-, debt- and poverty-stricken countries of sub-Saharan Africa to produce $1 billion a year in repayments to the fund.

Since the commercial banks wisely stayed out of the African party, the IMF is looking longingly to the World Bank, the U.S. Government, and (in cases like the Sudan) Saudi Arabia to bail it out. Why the U.S. Government or the World Bank should bail out the IMF, which has already received $24 billion from U.S. taxpayers since its inception, is beyond us. One shouldn't be surprised if Congress takes a decidedly jaundiced view of such shenanigans.

It's about time for Treasury and Federal Reserve officials, plus the boys on 19th Street (home of the IMF and World Bank), to face the music. They need to figure out a way to write off bad loans (their own and those of the commercial banks) in an orderly manner, rather than pushing more debt or foreign aid into countries that can't handle what they already have. The current version of the great debt dance isn't a series of clever steps; it's a flight from reality.

Hizzoner and the Kids

New York's Supreme Court has struck down, as a usurpation of legislative power, Mayor Ed Koch's Executive Order 50. This was an order banning anti-homosexual discrimination by city contractors, including the Archdiocese of New York, a provider of important social services that are heavily subsidized by the city. Koch and Cardinal O'Connor had been battling over the order for months.

Although no gay-rights law has ever passed in the City Council—which is why Koch had to resort to an executive order—organized homosexuals are powerful in New York, especially in Manhattan. That is why Koch courts them. A group can't win accredited victim status unless it has a certain amount of clout.

"Discrimination is simply unfair," says Koch. But "discrimination" is too loose a word to cover what is at stake. The Archdiocese isn't singling out homosexuals for special treatment; it is upholding the traditional sexual morality of the Catholic Church, which condemns adultery as well as sodomy. It claims the prerogative of taking personal conduct into account in hiring, and it is entitled to its own criteria.

Three days after the ruling, the *New York Times*, which has editorially supported Koch in the controversy, ran a front-page story on children who suffer from AIDS. There are three hundred of them in the New York area, and it is a practical certainty that all of them are going to die. Most of them are the children of mothers who use drugs intravenously; but homosexuals are the main carriers of AIDS, and virtually claim the disease as their own, using it as one of their main credentials in the quest for victim status.

The diseased children have a better claim to victim status, even if they don't have a lobby. In public discussion it has become *de rigueur* to speak of promiscuous homosexuality and drug use as private conduct in which the community has no proper interest. But the vocabulary of individual rights is too narrow when a plague is raging. Mayor Koch should quit talking about "private sexuality involving consenting adults" and face reality. Those children are his responsibility too.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In your review of *The Tenth Man* in *The New York Times Book Review*, you wrote: "And early on in the book . . ." I've come to expect from you a certain care with the language. I don't understand this usage. I've noticed its regular occurrence lately and assumed it was incorrectly modeled on "later on," and was just another of the linguistic fads which come and go like pop songs. I thought Howard Cosell was responsible for it. Like him, it seems redundant.

I don't mean to be a *noodge*. I understand that mixing levels of usage can be part of style. I can live with "OK" and "guy" for that reason. But please explain why a man who respects infinitives (correctly) would feel comfortable with "early on in."

Sincerely,
Richard Hill
Linville Falls, N.C.

Dear Mr. Hill: A couple of things. First, you cheated a little by asking whether I really liked the sound of "early on in," which sounds awful but entirely begs the question whether "early on" is legitimately used. The "in" would need to be there irrespective of whether the "on" was there: The "on" is neither legitimized nor illegitimized by the ensuing "in," you with me,

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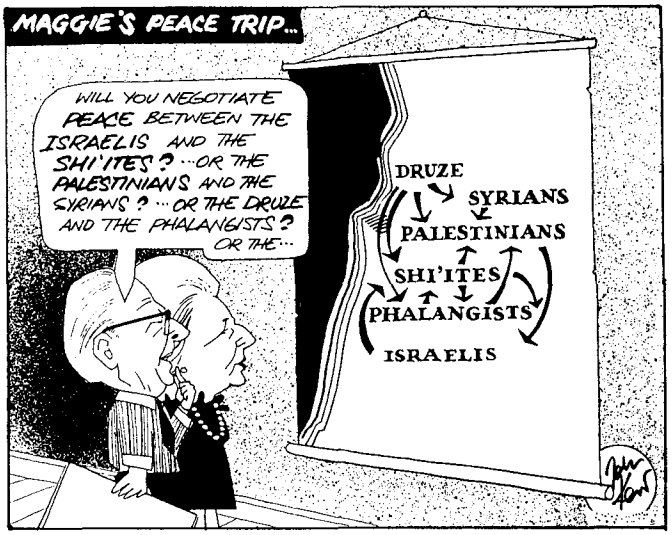
MAGGIE'S PEACE TRIP...
WILL YOU NEGOTIATE PEACE BETWEEN THE ISRAELIS AND THE SHI'ITES? ...OR THE PALESTINIANS AND THE SYRIANS? ...OR THE DRUZE AND THE PHALANGISTS? OR THE...
DRUZE
SYRIANS
PALESTINIANS
SHI'ITES
PHALANGISTS
ISRAELIS
Kent, *London Daily Mail* / Rotheo

Mr. Hill? . . . Anyway, as you know, American idiom tends to add the redundant preposition; thus Americans will often "lift it up off the table," and "enter into the fray." There is a sense in which, by using the preposition, you induce a sense of languor, desirable in the situation described in the book review from which you quote. "Early in life, John showed an interest in Shakespeare" tells you something just a little different from "Early on in life, John showed an interest . . ." A little overtone of precocity in the latter, missing from the former: and a sense of easing into Shakespeare from the cradle, rather than discovering Shakespeare one fine day as, one fine day, I discovered Red Wing Peanut Butter. Enough? Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am at the end of my rope and you are the only one I can turn to. After reading John McLaughlin's "The Evangelical Surge" (*NR*, December 28) it became clear to me that I am (gulp) a "Yumpie" or a "Yuppie" or, heaven forbid, both.

What I need to know is this. Is there a cure, and if so where can I obtain it? Does subscribing to NATIONAL REVIEW disqualify me? Please hurry your reply as at any moment I may do something foolish, like join the Democratic Party.

Cordially,
Joseph J. Eule
Flushing, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Eule: The thing to do is to subscribe to *NR*, then join the Democratic Party, and at all the meetings and during all the speeches, read *NR*, and just quietly chuckle. Guaranteed results. Yours cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Thought you would like to know, the right wing is alive and flourishing on Southeast campuses. Here at the University of Florida, the infamously left-wing campus newspaper now has a conservative column in it every week (samples enclosed). This is a sharp break from its radical past; as late as one year ago, we were lucky to get one twice a semester, and before that chances were nil.

Also, over *70 per cent* of the student body said they preferred Reagan over Mondale last November, helping Alachua County vote for a Republican President the first time ever.

As another sign of the times, the College Republicans on campus are still growing in number—very unusual *after* an election. The College Democrats, such as they were, have . . . well, I don't know what they've done—I never hear anything about them any more.

There's obviously a growing conservatism among the students here, but I'm sorry I can't say the same for the teachers, and we still need to work on the campus-paper editors. We've got the column space, but we're still waiting on unbiased news coverage.

We've got the foundation, though. The roots of conservatism have been firmly planted, and all they need is time to grow.

Very sincerely yours,
Mark A. Massey
Gainesville, Fla.

Dear Mr. Massey: That is splendid news, congratulations on your column, and let's hope the culture gap affecting your teachers will narrow. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was paging through the third volume of the *Encyclopedia Americana* the other day and happened upon an article dealing with none other than yourself. Unfortunately, the article occupied less space than the one about Karl Marx (volume 18)—a shocking revelation to any thinking person, even to those who, through some genetic imbalance, might like Karl Marx.

As I read, however, I became even more frustrated, especially when confronted with the following: "Witty, charming, and intelligent, he first gained national recognition in 1951 with his widely read indictment of his alma mater and its pervasive philosophy of political liberalism, *Man and God at Yale*." Whaaaat!?!? "*Man and God at Yale*"? Oh, these are troubled times indeed, Mr. Buckley; we must be ever vigilant and wary, especially of wayward encyclopedia-article writers and also, perhaps, pusillanimous Democratic congressmen (as evidenced by the first *Contra*-aid vote). I say that these people are not just victims of error or carelessness, but perpetrators of the most evil, incestuous blasphemy! Let them be punished! To the gallows! All those in favor . . .

Cordially,
Tim Shah
Westport, Conn.

Dear Mr. Shah: And I have some extra rope I can sell you! Cordially, —WFB

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SUPERPOWER IMPOTENCE

"WHY ARE WE always *reacting*? Why no *pro*-action?" asks an irate Capitol Hill intelligence expert, referring to the prolonged TWA hijacking crisis of the last fortnight. "Why haven't these groups been infiltrated, and I mean deep infiltration?" The problem in brief is: What is the U.S. policy for counter-terrorism? Or, does it have a policy? And if no policy, is it because of no intelligence?

The intelligence community agrees on what the elements of such a policy should be: pre-emption, prevention, and reprisal. Pre-emption, or strikes against terrorist groups before they act, has not only had no standing in U.S. policy, it has been actively forsworn. When Israel used U.S.-made F-15s and F-16s in a pre-emptive strike against a nuclear reactor near Baghdad in June 1981, the U.S. voted in favor of a UN Security Council resolution condemning the raid.

Prevention does figure in current policy, but preventive hits happen, alas, infrequently. Thus the FBI foiled a plot to murder Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi when agents captured five terrorists in New Orleans on May 13. But no inference can be drawn from this success to any effective U.S. intelligence apparatus. "It's so much easier to work on our own terrain," says a Washington counter-terrorism expert. "Also, the terrorists in this instance stood out just because they were foreigners. Our foreign intelligence network is more like a hairnet than a sieve."

As for reprisal, the third component of a counter-terrorism policy, the crazies in Lebanon and elsewhere have been taught a lesson by us, viz., there won't be any reprisal. Ronald Reagan's rhetoric about "swift and effective" retribution for terrorist replays of Iran is just that—rhetoric. The only incident that even looks like reprisal was a putative plot to kill Mohammed Hussein Fadlallah, a leader of the Hezbollah, the fanatical sect responsible for the TWA hijacking. Some insiders here believe that the CIA, denials notwithstanding, instigated the bungled car explosion on March 8 that ended up killing eighty, wounding two hundred, and missing Fadlallah altogether.

The poor showing of U.S. counter-terrorism is attributed by one security expert to a lack of intelligence—the kind of intelligence that can only be provided by group infiltration, "not by satellites and other electronic razzle-dazzle." The reasons for this inadequacy: under-funding and rivalry among intelligence groups.

Funding shortages flow from Senator Frank Church's 1975 investigations. "The Church committee crippled all of our capabilities," says one military official here. President Carter's CIA director, Stansfield Turner, says, "The impact was devastating." In a radio address during the Beirut hostage crisis President Reagan warned that it's time to "stop treating our intelligence agencies like enemies"—a shaft aimed at the House's radical retrenchment on the defense budget. "A rhetorical orgy," was Democratic Majority Leader Jim Wright's response.

Interagency rivalry is a serious problem, says Turner, referring to the reluctance on the part of the 21 intelligence agencies—largely grouped under the military-service branches—to pool their data unreservedly. "Rubbish," Navy Secretary John Lehman told me when I put the question to him. "The only place where you hear talk of interservice rivalry is in the Washington think-tanks and the trendy armchair-strategy circles of Georgetown. When you operate in the theater, you see our military forces working together with total cooperation." Experts on the Hill disagree. They claim Lehman is not in touch with intelligence oversight, and Pentagon officials who are, notably Defense's principal security authority, Noel Koch, agree with Turner that such interagency sharing is miserably deficient.

One of the great internal paradoxes of the Reagan Cabinet is that for over a year the "moderate" Secretary of State, George Shultz, has been pointing to the need to beef up our counter-terrorism capability, whereas the "conservative" Defense Secretary, Caspar Weinberger, is reluctant to use force against terrorist groups, citing inadequate intelligence. The dichotomy is causing paralysis. "When subordinates disagree, what's called for is an executive decision," says a ranking Hill intelligence staffer, "and that's Reagan's job. So far he hasn't done it, and it's hurting the nation's political will."

TO DEAL with terrorism, Shultz calls for mass education so that if a pre-emptive strike is made the public understands "before the fact that there is some potential for loss of life of some of our fighting men, and of some innocent people." Intelligence, too, which permits the pinpointing of those strikes, entails a deep penetration of the terrorist group, which infiltration in turn may mean that the American agent must himself terrorize to establish credibility with the group, behavior requiring more public education and consensus. "This is war," says a National Security aide. "The principle of the lesser of two evils will have to justify it." Shultz also stresses the political need to get the public to understand, because "some will seek to cast any pre-emptive or retaliatory action by us in the worst light, and will attempt to make our military and our policymakers—rather than the terrorists—appear to be the culprits."

More than sky marshals and metal detectors, what the nation needs, as we celebrate Independence Day, is an understanding of the fact that terrorism is an attack on our very sovereignty. As such, it must be repelled at all costs. Ronald Reagan, take note. □

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GET HENRI TOD!

From both sides of the Iron Curtain the order went out—get Henri Tod. Henri had to be stopped at all costs, because he was up to something so wildly audacious it actually made sense. And for once the CIA agreed with the Kremlin—which put Blackford Oakes in the middle. It will put *you* on the edge of your seat, from the opening pages to the shattering climax. Blacky Oakes never had an assignment like this before, and it makes for one whale of a book.

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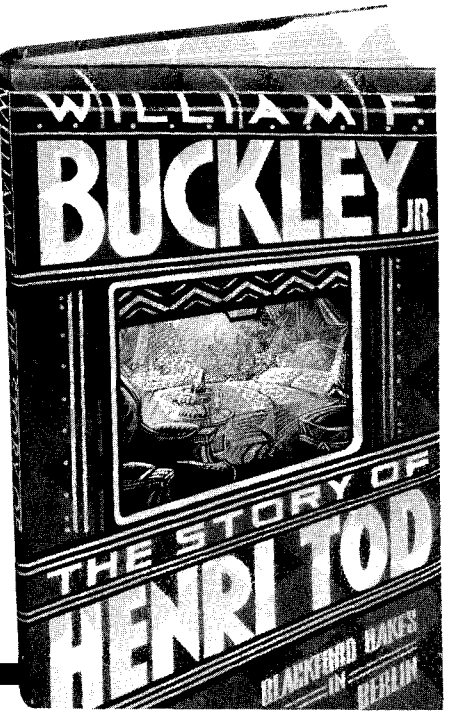
But time is important. Send for your copy of *Henri Tod* today, while our supply lasts, because this offer *expires* as soon as the last book goes into the mailbag. Simply use the convenient card opposite this page today. We'll do the rest.



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CONDITIONAL TALKS

PRESIDENT REAGAN is under pressure to meet Mikhail Gorbachev, if only to burnish a new image as a "man of peace," and Mrs. Thatcher is said to be toying with the idea of a further meeting.

I shall, first, spell out the general case against summit meetings—a strong one. After that, I shall give reasons why, under certain conditions (not, to my knowledge, mentioned so far by the media), a Reagan-Gorbachev summit could be truly beneficial.

In general, then, summit meetings are a Bad Thing. I refer of course to East/West summits, not to West/West ones, and still less to East/East ones. The bad habit was started by Churchill and Roosevelt—understandably, in the heat of the war. Both Western leaders, even the more realistic Churchill, fell for the delusion that "Uncle Joe" could be trusted. Hence, Yalta. Hence, Stalin's empire. I am oversimplifying, but not all that much.

It is flattering to a Western leader's ego to suppose that by establishing a rapport with the leader of a totalist tyranny he can bring about a change of course in foreign policy, regardless of the fact that expansionism is inherent in the system that keeps his opposite number in power. Flattering, but unrealistic.

On the Western side, high expectations are inevitably aroused by the media and by political debate. The higher the expectations, the harder the ensuing disappointment. Even Richard Nixon thought he could establish with Leonid Brezhnev the kind of top-level relationship that would overcome differences between subordinates, as had happened during the war. (See p. 610 of his *Memoirs*.) President Nixon was, however, both sophisticated and realistic, and in his book *Real Peace* he makes a convincing case for the proposition that given a strong America, détente would have worked.

Can Ronald Reagan avoid the pitfalls of summitry, bearing in mind that his successor will not necessarily have his clear understanding of the nature of the Soviet threat? One of the points I find most troubling is the possibility that he may be talked into accepting the wartime illusion of "personal rapport equals beneficial change." It does not. And given the generally anti-Western attitudes of the media, the probability is strong that he, not Gorbachev, would be blamed for a summit flop.

The main point to grasp, and to act upon, is that Gorbachev has come to power at a time of probably irreversible decline in the system that brought him to the top. In an illuminating speech at the Ottawa Human Rights conference, the chief American negotiator, Richard Schifter, made a devastating comparison between social and economic conditions in the USSR and the United States. The picture that emerged, based entirely on Soviet statistics and official statements, was of a backward and corrupt society, with substandard housing, disastrously unproductive agriculture, exploitation of women, and pervasive shortages of consumer goods. The shortages and the corruption are of course two sides of the same coin: The one engenders the other.

What, you may ask, does all this have to do with summitry? A great deal, actually. By all accounts, the ruling class in the Soviet Union has long since abandoned any faith in the initial promises of Communism. In private, it is frankly cynical about the real issue, which is hanging on to power and privilege at the top.

The trouble is that in a relatively declining economy, unable to deliver rising standards of living, an ever-increasing relative share of national income is absorbed by the already monstrously overgrown military establishment. More and more, the Soviet system is dependent on Western and Japanese willingness to part with high technology, either above board or through spy nests in various Western cities.

Gorbachev is possibly, by virtue of his age and his evident intelligence, the first Soviet leader who might conceivably be willing to reduce the expansionist drive, built into the Leninist constitution, or even halt it altogether.

It was useless to expect of the aged lame ducks in the Kremlin from the time of Brezhnev's intellectual and physical decline a decade ago that they should even acknowledge this situation to themselves, let alone to outsiders. Even Gorbachev cannot reasonably be expected to make any de jure renunciation of the principles of the Soviet system, patent though its failure is, in economic and social terms. All that can reasonably be expected of him, and then only in the most secret talks without any possibility of a security leak, is an admission that all is not well and that further expansion of military capability and of political power abroad may be incompatible with the survival of the *Nomenklatura*; that is, of the system itself.

IN AN interesting statement in an interview with the *Washington Post* the other day, General Nikolai Chervov of the Soviet general staff declared that the Soviet Union had decided not to try to match the United States' Strategic Defense Initiative ("Star Wars").

Although the general rule is that any Soviet statement for a Western audience is for propaganda and disinformation, this one could well have a profound basis in truth. It would be unwise for the Soviet leaders to divert further billions of dollars' worth of resources into a "Star Wars" program; the danger, to themselves, could be that the military establishment will insist on it anyway.

It is against this background that a summit might, just, be useful. □

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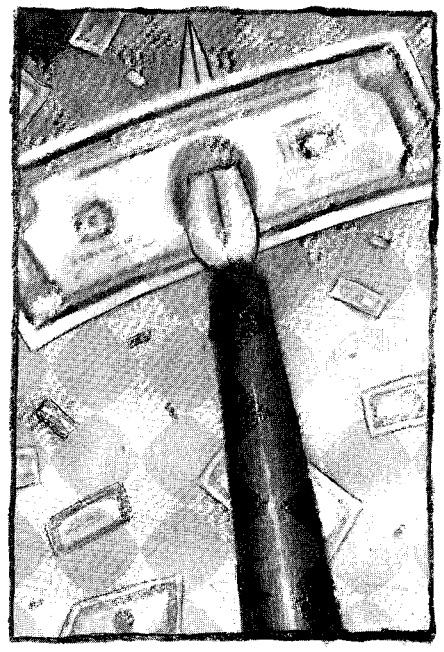
Calling for a Constitutional CONVENTION

SIX OR MORE years ago, in the Presidency of Jimmy Carter, the conviction spread in the White House that 34 states would soon have voted to call on Congress to convoke a convention to amend the Constitution to mandate a balanced federal budget. President Carter's instinct was to be cooperative with such a constitutional procedure, and he set up a task force to study how the executive branch could help Congress plan for the convention. Chairmanship of the task force was entrusted to Walter Mondale.

Soon the emissaries of big welfare and big unionism and other beneficiaries of federal largesse who believe they have a large stake in deficit spending had prevailed on the Mondale staff to take a view different from the President's. When the task force met again, its question was not, "How can we cooperate with a convention?" but "How can we beat it?" The answer that came by inspiration was, "We can say a convention can repeal the Constitution."

Thereafter there was a spate of articles in magazines such as *Ms.* lamenting the dangers a constitutional convention entailed. "They," it was whispered, and even said in boldface type, "plan to take the Bill of Rights away from you." The First Amendment and the Fourteenth Amendment, it was insinuated, would be up for grabs. No group likely to be offended was neglected by the foes of a convention. Women and minorities were the special targets cultivated. A return to the nineteenth century, perhaps to pre-Civil War America, was the fate that, it was intimated, a runaway convention held in store.

Propagandists were joined by scholars, who on their own grounds and in their own ways engaged in a pedantic parade of the possibilities inherent in a convention. Larry Tribe of Harvard Law School was unrestrained in his apocalyptic predictions, speaking of a convention as the potential cause of national tumult and trauma. Gerald Gunther, an eminently respectable professor of constitutional law at Stanford, basically liberal but fiercely independent in his thought, reached the same conclusion as the flamboyant doomsayers. Charles Black of Yale University took the quirkiest position. A convention, he maintained, could *only* be held for amending all of the Constitution. All the calls made by the states since 1900 for conventions to act on particular issues were invalid. Only calls for "general conventions" could set the procedures in motion.



None of these academic authorities betrayed any sympathy with the substantive purpose for which a majority of the states were calling for a convention. None of the professors seemed to think that a balanced-budget amendment was a good idea by whatever means it was achieved. Their unconcealed skepticism about the amendment disposed them to relish the objections they produced to the means most likely to bring it into being.

Most of the heavy shelling of the convention method of achieving a balanced budget came from writers to the left of center. Recently, however, their fears and even their arguments have affected some tried and true conservatives. They see in a convention the opportunity of a liberal elite to walk away with the Constitution. They note planning for constitutional changes by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions and by a group headed by Douglas Dillon and Lloyd Cutler. They believe that a convention called by Congress to consider and act on a balanced-budget amendment might end by enacting a series of amendments, from elimination of the Electoral College to a single nine-year term for the President. They ask what guarantees anyone can give that a runaway convention will not do what they dread.

These questions require seasoned consideration and response. They arise at an especially critical time. Thirty-two states have asked Congress to call a convention to consider the balanced-budget amendment. Only two more states need act for Congress to be required to make the call. Michigan is expected to act in September or Octo-

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ber of this year. Connecticut, Minnesota, Montana, and Washington are all states in which action may be taken within the year. The United States Senate in all probability will consider the amendment itself some time after July 11; but what the House of Representatives does will undoubtedly be influenced by the convention calls coming from the states. It would be tragic if conservative criticism of the means necessary to achieve the goal should destroy a remarkable opportunity to make fiscal sanity a constitutional requirement.

Already Amended

MOST AMERICANS agree that the Constitution of the United States, although not divinely revealed, is as close to perfection as human wit can reach. The Constitution has allocated power well between the electorate, the states, and the three branches of the Federal Government. It has provided essential checks and balances, and safeguards for fundamental liberties. Only its provisions touching on human slavery have become obsolete and disgraceful. Since the first ten amendments, which can be read as virtually part of the original system, only 16 amendments in about two hundred years have been required to keep it in working order. Americans generally, and conservatives in particular, do not want any tampering with its basic provisions.

The Constitution, however, is not a document safely stored in the National Archives. It is constantly in action, being interpreted by President, Congress, states, citizens, and courts. It is in its interpretation by courts that the rub lies. John Marshall said that the Constitution was the law of the land. The modern Supreme Court has taken the position that that Court's interpretation of the Constitution is the law of the land. This position means that, by interpretation, the Supreme Court can amend the Constitution when it chooses. It has so chosen, on some significant topics. A few examples will illustrate:

1. *The No-Prayer Amendment of 1962.* On June 25, 1962, the Court amended the Constitution to read: "No prayer shall be offered in a public school." When the Constitution was originally adopted, most formal elementary education was conducted under religious auspices. When the Fourteenth Amendment (under which the Court purported to act) was adopted, prayer and Bible readings were common features of public education. The Court's amendment banned practices once generally accepted as part of our American heritage.

2. *The Uniform Method of Electing State Legislatures Amendment of 1964.* On June 15, 1964, the Court amended the Constitution to say, "No legislature of any state shall be elected save on the basis of voting districts equally divided as to population." In the light of this provision the Court held unconstitutional the action of the electorate of Colorado in 1962 that apportioned the Colorado House of Representatives on the basis of population and the Colorado Senate on the basis of population and other factors. A system of electing state legislatures on the basis of population alone was held to be mandated by the Constitution. Even though the Constitution had not prescribed such a method for the election of the United States Senate, the Court decided that it would be desirable to impose the rule "one man, one vote" on all the states in state elections. Other methods of choosing representative government, whether very old or very recent, were condemned as contrary to constitutional command.

3. *The Abortion Amendment of 1973.* On January 22, 1973, the Court amended the Constitution to read, "Abortion shall be the right of every pregnant person." Prior to this date, regulation of abortion had been the prerogative of each state. Late-term abortion, abortion for economic reasons, abortion without a father's consent had been universally forbidden. The Court's amendment created a liberty, in actual practice without limit, to commit abortion at every stage in the life of the unborn child.

Opinions have differed and do differ as to the desirability and wisdom of these amendments. Candid writers of nearly every camp will admit that they are *amendments*. They introduce large, far-reaching propositions into the Constitution that were invisible before the Court spoke. In none of the cases did the words and concepts of the Constitution determine what the Court did. The Court acted to create new words, new policy, new constitutional provisions. The Court amended.

The Court amended in areas of our national life that were not trivial or peripheral; nor were they peculiarly within the judicial sphere, where judges might be thought to have more experience or competence than ordinary citizens or legislators. The Court amended to redistribute power in the state legislatures. The Court amended to affect the character of public education. The Court amended to change the protections accorded human life and family relationships. If the Court can amend in these areas, it can amend anywhere. As the Court has in fact amended in these areas without check or balance, no apparent check or balance appears to amending anywhere else it chooses.

These three illustrations (they could be multiplied) demonstrate that the Court has made a further amendment. It has amended Article V itself.

Article V is the provision of the original Constitution that authorizes amendment in two ways: 1) by Congress, on a two-thirds vote of both Houses proposing an amendment, which then must be ratified by three-quarters of the states; or 2) by two-thirds of the states applying to Congress to call a constitutional convention to propose an amendment, which then must be ratified by three-quarters of the states. The Court's amendment to Article V has provided a third way, so that the Constitution as interpreted now reads: "Amendments may also be made by a majority of the Justices of the Supreme Court."

By virtue of the Court's amendment of Article V, the Supreme Court is a continuing constitutional convention, always in session, always capable of striking out with daring innovations of the kind the Court has already pioneered in the distribution of political power, education, and the criminal law. To be concerned about the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions or the Dillon-Cutler study group when the Supreme Court possesses this untrammeled capability of amendment is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Study groups of the liberal elite have influence but not power. The Supreme Court has both.

Etiquette forbids that the Court itself acknowledge its amending power. But occasionally an extensive exercise of it will lead a Justice to recognize its existence. In *The Abortion Cases*, Justice Byron White referred to the majority as employing "raw judicial power." "Raw judicial power" is raw power,

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employed by judges. The amending power the Court has assumed is this kind of raw power.

Etiquette also usually leads the commentators and constitutional-law professors to refrain from calling the Court's amendments by their true name. After all, they could say in defense of their reticence, the amendments are not numbered the way proper amendments are. But whatever evasions are popularly practiced to sugar-coat the Court's power to amend, the reality of the power underlies what Nathan Glazer has called "the imperial judiciary." Exercise of it has led to what Raoul Berger has described as "government by judiciary."

The Justices who exercise this extraordinary power are not wicked or dishonest men. They have been capable—who is not?—of a great deal of self-delusion. But their primary flaw has been intellectual. They have operated, consciously or unconsciously, with a concept of their role that has no warrant in the Constitution. But until that flaw is corrected by a different jurisprudence, we must live with a Court a majority of whose members believe that they are wise enough, strategically enough placed, and constitutionally empowered to change the Constitution to meet what they perceive to be the needs of the day.

Disavow it though they may, the reality of the amending power affects their own view of what they are dealing with. A Thurgood Marshall will refer to "the command of the Constitution." What he means is a decision of yesterday that he helped to bring into existence. In his mind the decision has become "the command of the Constitution." The amendment is real for him. It is this present power exercised by the Court that establishes the context of any consideration of amendment by the convention method.

The power has no apparent restrictions except the Court's own sense of its responsibilities. The power has been exercised. There is every reason to fear —unless the conception of the Court's duties is restructured—that the power will be exercised again. The power is peculiarly responsive to ideological influence. It has been at the service of the liberal elite. With this continuing constitutional convention in session, with five tenured federal appointees possessing power to amend the Constitution, we should not be concerned that a democratically elected national convention will harm our nearly perfect Constitution. We should welcome any opportunity for amendment in accordance with the old Article V that allocated the amending power to Congress and the state legislatures, and so to the people who elect them.

Chimerical Security

PROPAGANDISTS and scholars alike have stressed the absence of guarantees against a runaway convention. By guarantees they apparently have in mind judicial precedents construing the method set out by Article V. As the convention method has never had to be employed, cases construing the constitutional text do not of course exist.

But what an illusory security these writers are seeking! Suppose there were a battery of Supreme Court decisions on the convention method. The Supreme Court has explicitly reversed its own interpretation of the Constitution more than a hundred times. It has explicitly reversed itself at the rate of once every two years. It has reversed itself many more times implicitly or by changing the procedural rules that permit or prevent a substantive constitutional issue's being raised. There is no immutability in any constitutional teaching of the Court. No one could say with certainty, if there were precedents interpreting the convention method, that they would be followed.

Political pressures, ideological considerations, the particular personalities of the Justices on the Court would all have to enter into any prediction of what might happen. Any prediction would be fallible. When the opponents of a convention point to the absence of cases, they imply that cases would give a certainty that cases on the Constitution never give, except to those unaware of the Court's history. The opponents ask for a security that is impossible to have on any serious constitutional question. They ask for assurances that would be chimeras.

Aristotle long ago laid down the rule that it is a mistake to ask for greater certainty than a subject can yield. The human mind longs for assurances, for absolutes, for rest in what cannot change. Satisfaction of that de-

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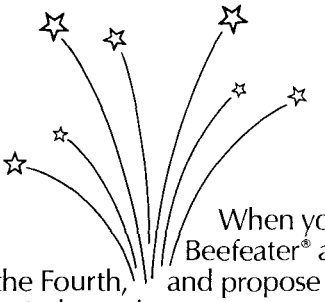

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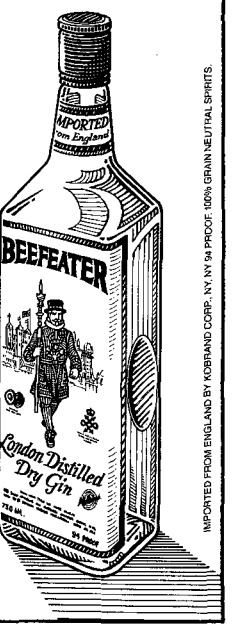
Decent of them, under the circumstances, to share with us this most excellent of their gins.



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sire is properly religious. No branch of constitutional law affords such unquestionable stability. The critics of a convention ask for what does not exist anywhere in the tumultuous secular rough-and-tumble world in which the Constitution is put into play.

Guarantees of a different kind, however, do exist. We do not expect Congress to propose an amendment repealing the Bill of Rights, although constitutionally under Article V it is within the power of Congress to do exactly this without calling a convention. What guarantee do we have that Congress will not propose such a repeal? None, if by guarantee one means binding judicial precedent. But in fact we are all entirely comfortable in the conviction that Congress will do nothing so foolish. The guarantee lies in the nature of the democratic process, the kind of men and women elected to Congress, and the predictable reaction of the citizenry to such an outrage.

Guarantees of the same sort exist as to a convention. Congress will call it and set its task. Congress will have to send out to the states the amendment the convention adopts. Three-quarters of the states will have to approve whatever is sent out for ratification. We have the firm basis of experience of how Americans in public office act when we expect that neither Congress nor three-fourths of the state legislatures would be willing to repeal the Bill of Rights, alter fundamental patterns of government, or do anything other than act on the particular subject for which the convention was called. A triple lock—the call of Congress; the sending out of the amendment by Congress; and ratification by the states—secures the convention and binds its actions.

Conservative critics have feared that the liberal elite could manipulate a convention more easily than it can Congress. Is this fear plausible? Congress is currently elected from many districts gerrymandered by predominantly Democratic legislatures. If the convention delegates are elected on a basis other than congressional districts they will represent more accurately the majority that elected Ronald Reagan. If the delegates are elected from congressional districts, they will not be worse than the incumbents, and may be better.

Incumbents running for office are favored by their incumbency; the Democrats in the House have benefited from this factor. Elections for convention delegates will be an open contest. There will be no incumbents. Moreover, the election of congressmen involves many tradeoffs in the minds of the voters. Stands on particular issues are often discounted. In an election for delegates to a convention to act on the balanced budget, the issue will be single and simple: Is the candidate for or against the balanced-budget amendment? A clearer choice will predictably lead to the election of delegates less open to manipulation, less dependent upon whole webs of special interest.

The States Can Act

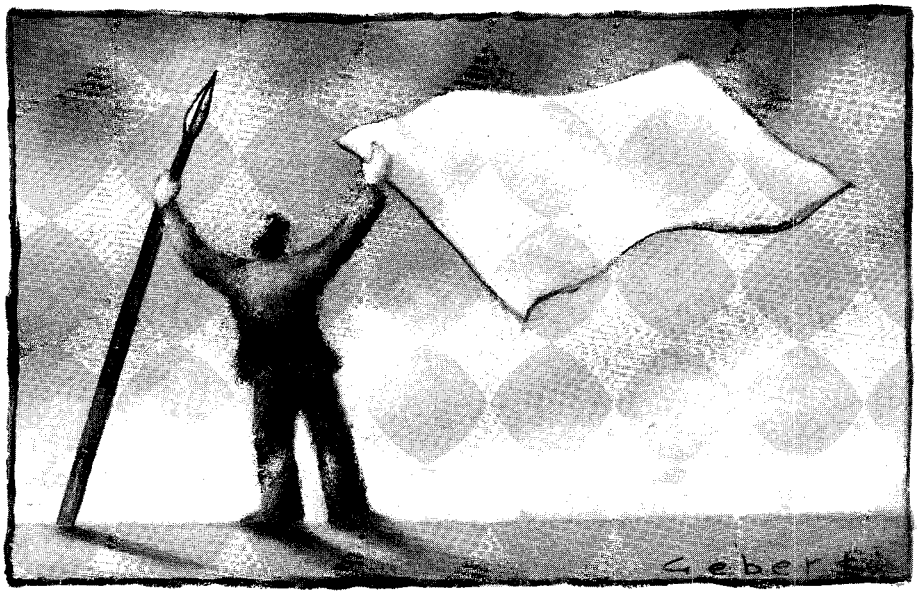
RESPECT, indeed reverence, for the Constitution is a proper attitude for conservatives to cultivate. Is it respectful to the Constitution to maintain that of the two methods of amendment specified by Article V one is too dangerous to be put to use?

James Madison wrote explicitly in *The Federalist* that Article V "equally enables the general and the state governments to originate the amendment of errors." Congress can always propose a single amendment to the states. But according to the contentions of the critics of a convention the states are at a terrible disadvantage. They can only call a convention to propose a multitude of amendments. If the states want to "originate the amendment of errors" they must put the whole Constitution at risk.

Such a construction of the Constitution flies in the face of what the Founders intended. The states were to have equal power with the Congress. Common-sense respect for the Founders' intentions means that Article V has given the states the same power that Article V has given Congress. Like Congress, the states can propose one amendment at a time.

We live in a world in which the third method of amendment, unrecognized by the Constitution, has been used, and may be used again by the Supreme Court. Shall we accept the reality of a small elite sitting as a kind of constitutional convention in perpetual session and decline to follow the well-marked channel that the Constitution itself provides for originating the correction of errors in our government? Shall we ask for guarantees about the convention that do not exist as to either the Court or the Congress? Shall we recognize that Congress has an unrestricted power to propose amendments while claiming that the states have no power at all? True respect for the Constitution calls conservatives to see the wisdom of the Founders in assuring that the states can act when the self-interest of Congress prevents its acting to correct errors; that the states can focus a convention on a single amendment; and that we have the same or greater assurances against unwarranted outrageous innovations by a convention that we possess against subversion of the Constitution by Congress.

Overwhelming majorities in nearly every state have indicated support for the requirements of a balanced federal budget. Few dare oppose it on the merits. Its friends should not hesitate to achieve it by a convention that will be narrowly focused, profoundly democratic, and eminently constitutional. □



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SENTENCE: LIFE

DURING THE recent celebrations of the end of World War II, three former countries were all but forgotten. Before the war, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania were thriving independent nations. Now they are part of the Soviet Union. Their government is the Soviet government. They have ceased to be independent states. Take Latvia, for example.

The description of the "Latvian Soviet Socialist Republic" that appears in the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* was, appropriately enough, written in part by an official of the Latvian SSR Academy of Sciences, Pyotr Vatslavovich Gulyan. After all, history is written by the victors. The first sentence reads: "Latvia, which had been an independent republic since 1920, was constituted as one of the 15 republics of the Soviet Union on July 21, 1940, and was proclaimed a Soviet Socialist republic on August 5." This skimps a lot of history (which, in fairness to the many-volume *Encyclopedia Britannica*, may be found elsewhere in that reference work).

The Baltics suffer from a misfortune of geography. No natural boundaries separate them from Russia or Germany. The land consists of rolling plains and ends in warm-water ports on the Baltic Sea, prizes long coveted by their aggressive neighbors.

Winston Churchill gave a good summary in his *History of the Second World War: The Grand Alliance*, in an entry for January 7, 1942:

> I was much disturbed by the reports which Mr. Eden has brought back with him from Moscow of Soviet territorial ambitions, especially in the Baltic states. These were the conquests of Peter the Great, and had been for two hundred years under the Czars. Since the Russian Revolution they had been the outpost of Europe against Bolshevism. They were what are now called "social democracies," but very lively and truculent. Hitler had cast them away like pawns in his deal with the Soviets before the outbreak of war in 1939. There had been a severe Russian and Communist purge. All the dominant personalities and elements had been liquidated in one way or another. The life of these strong peoples was henceforward underground. Presently, as we shall see, Hitler came back with a Nazi counter-purge. Finally, in the general victory the Soviets had control again. Thus the deadly comb ran back and forth, and back again, through Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. There was no doubt however where the right lay. The Baltic states should be sovereign independent peoples.

In a memo to the British Foreign Secretary (January 8, 1942), Churchill said: "The transfer of the peoples of the Baltic states to Soviet Russia against their will would be contrary to all the principles for which we are fighting this war and would dishonor our cause."

Alas, Churchill did not prevail. The Allies did not preserve the integrity of the Baltic states. It is purely an anomaly of history that the United States and other Western democracies continue to recognize the sovereignty of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania.

IN SPITE OF Communist statements to the contrary, the present subjugation of the Baltic states started with the Bolshevik Revolution. Ironically, from 1902 to 1917 Lenin made repeated declarations of the right of nations to self-determination, including the freedom of secession. He quoted Marx as saying that "a nation which oppresses other nations cannot be free." I guess he was correct.

In 1913 Stalin wrote that nations have the right to complete secession. In 1917 he insisted that the oppressed nations making up part of Russia should be given the right to decide freely whether to remain a part of the Russian state or to secede and become independent.

The Brest-Litovsk Peace Conference (December 22, 1917 to March 3, 1918) stipulated the withdrawal of all troops, Russian and German, from the Baltic states. Leon Trotsky, head of the Russian delegation after January 10, 1918, renounced any historical claims to the Baltic states. The treaty stipulated that no obligation whatever should devolve upon any territories arising from the fact that they formerly belonged to Russia.

In 1920, the USSR signed peace treaties with the three democratic Baltic republics after they had repulsed invading Soviet troops. In these treaties the Soviets unreservedly recognized the independence, autonomy, and sovereignty of the three countries.

Twenty years later, on August 1, 1940, Vyacheslav Molotov, the People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, declared that Russia had acted under duress in signing these treaties and accused Western imperialists of taking advantage of Russian military weakness at the time.

The beginning of the end for the free Baltic states came with the signing of the Molotov-Ribbentrop Non-Aggression Pact of August 23, 1939. Within a month both Germany and Russia had invaded parts of Poland; World War II began on September 1. Stalin imposed security treaties on the Baltic states, and soon Soviet troops were in Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. The Soviets demanded and got sites for airfields, military and naval bases, rail-traffic control, storage facilities, and supplies. In November, Russia invaded Finland.

One event leading to the dénouement has a certain resonance. Albert N. Tarulis reports in his 1959 book, *Soviet Policy toward the Baltic States—1918-1940*:

Mrs. Matthews, the widow of J. B. Matthews, is a visiting scholar at Duke University.

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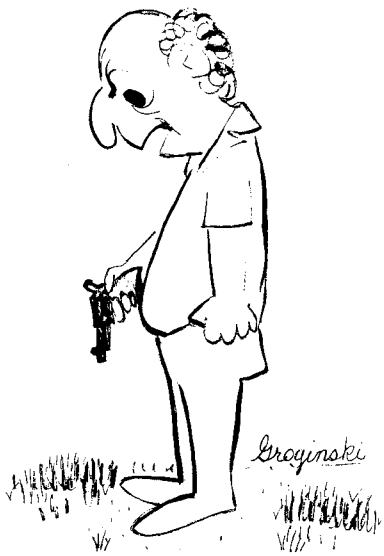
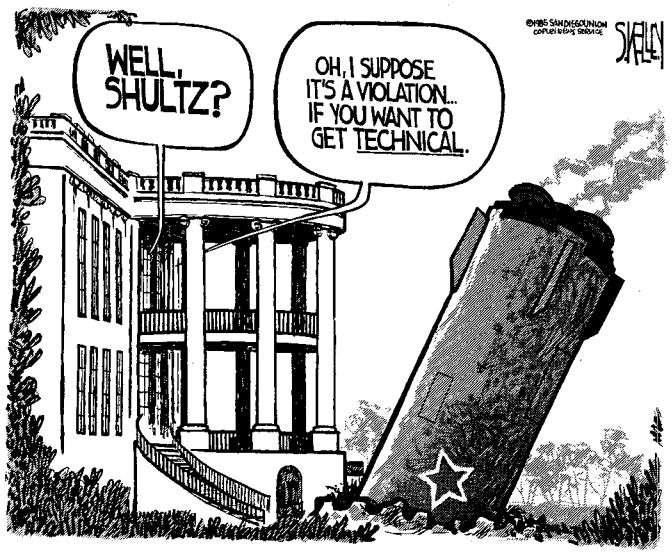


"Crabgrass, beware!"



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Glorobots

In a seafood café of great charm,
A robot intending no harm
    When told to bring "scallops"
    Mistook it for "trollops"
And came with a blonde on each arm.

* * * *

Oh, hurry and have a look, Master,
Your robot is bent on disaster—
    All human mistakes
    It repeatedly makes,
And makes them inhumanly faster.

—Gloria A. Maxson

"Do you mind if I smoke?"

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Then, in the early afternoon of June 15 [1940] an airliner on its way from Tallinn to Helsinki was shot down by two Soviet fighter planes over the sea north of Tallinn, without previous warning. Its crew and passengers were killed. The presence of a Soviet submarine at the scene lent strength to the report the attack had been planned well in advance. Estonian fishing boats went immediately to the scene and picked up mailbags and other items from the plane. The Soviet submarine stopped them and seized what the fishermen had found.

My neighbor in North Carolina is a Lett who was imprisoned by the Nazis when Hitler seized the Baltic states in the summer of 1941, and later escaped. Now a naturalized U.S. citizen, Olga (not her real name) remembers the summer of 1940 in Latvia. She was working in a sanitarium on the Baltic Sea near Riga. Spring brought relief from the long cold winter. It also brought a delegation of Soviet officials who visited the sanitarium. One of them remarked how well dressed she and her companions were. How could she afford that beautiful cashmere sweater, which the visitor fingered? She replied that she worked and earned a good salary. Riga was a modern city, sometimes called the Paris of the North. Fashionably dressed residents were not unusual. Modern culture—the arts and music—flourished.

Soon after the Russian delegation went home, they requested that a group of Latvian officials pay them a visit in return. The president of Latvia assented, and Latvia's top-ranking generals went to Moscow for a military conference.

Olga awoke the next morning to hear the Latvian president on the radio instructing everyone to stay home that day. He announced a crisis but said it would soon be over and settled.

Olga had to see what was going on, so she slipped into town despite the warning. Soviet troops, backed by three Soviet army tanks, had cordoned off the main post office. Olga assumed there were more tanks and soldiers at the radio station.

She could not have known, however, of the Soviet ultimatums to all the Baltic countries, or known that all Baltic ports were blockaded by Soviet ships, that telephone connections with the outside world were monitored and controlled. A potentially friendly Great Britain was barred from the Baltic Sea by the German occupation of Denmark and Norway.

The invasions of the three nations took place almost simultaneously and were completed on June 17, 1940. The unprepared Baltics had to choose between submission and suicide. Liberalism, pacifism, and fellow-traveling had weakened the national will.

Within days of the Soviet occupation, thousands of intellectuals, officials, and ordinary citizens had been arrested and executed or exiled to parts unknown in Russia. Within a week Soviet troops had ransacked everything of value. The stores were empty.

Russian teachers were installed in the schools. To the confusion of Olga's six-year-old daughter, one day the picture of the Latvian president was removed from the wall and Stalin's picture was in its place. (A year later, Hitler's picture had replaced Stalin's.)

THE FINAL CHARADE was when the Soviets staged phony elections. Andrei Vyshinsky arrived in Riga on June 18, just hours after the military occupation, with a list of acceptable Latvian cabinet members. Of the eight, two were Communists, the rest fellow-travelers; three were Soviet (not Latvian) citizens. Fearing what would happen to his people, the president grudgingly approved the election plans.

Candidates were allowed only five days to present their policies to the electorate in printed form, and only Soviet-approved printing presses were allowed to operate. The surviving remnant of the former democratic parties had its material seized by the police; its leader was arrested and deported.

On July 14 and 15 the electorate was presented with a single list containing the names of candidates of the "Union of Toiling People." The list included only Communists and Russian sympathizers, but the candidates all declared themselves for democratic rights and continued national independence. Citizens who refused to vote were threatened with reprisals.

According to *A History of Latvia*, by the late Alfred Bilmanis, the distinguished Latvian scholar, journalist, and diplomat:

The voters were marched en masse from their place of work to the polling stations, with bands to cheer them on, Soviet troops in full battle regalia affording "military protection," and Soviet airplanes overhead. The ballots were cast openly. It was officially announced that the "labor bloc" had obtained 1,155,807, or 94.8 per cent of the 1,181,323 votes cast in Latvia, the percentage being almost identical to that claimed for the other two Baltic states. Election results for all three states appeared in the foreign press 24 hours before the count had been completed.

Shortly after the "election," street demonstrations erupted and posters flourished. All demanded a Soviet Latvia. The new parliament met on July 21; on the same day, President Kärlis Ulmanis was arrested and deported to Russia. In Moscow he was asked where he would like to go; his request to go to Switzerland was denied.

On July 23 the U.S. State Department issued a declaration supporting the political independence and territorial integrity of the Baltic nations and opposing the incorporation of the puppet governments into the Soviet Union. But the juggernaut moved on.

On August 5 the Supreme Soviet unanimously accepted Latvia's entry into the Soviet Union, as it had Estonia's on August 3 and would Lithuania's on August 6.

Now we understand the dates (July 21 and August 5, 1940) given by Comrade Gulyan in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

Where today are the people who were citizens of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania? Those who were able to accommodate themselves to Communism remained. Many, like my friend Olga, escaped to various parts of the free world. Thousands of patriotic intellectuals and opinion leaders were executed or deported to various parts of Russia; many of them died in slave labor camps. Between June 13 and June 17, 1941, 824 railway cars filled with Latvians were shipped to Soviet Russia. At the same time, Russians were encouraged or forced to move into the Baltic states.

The result of such a sophisticated genocidal program is that Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, among the first of the captive nations, no longer exist—not even as Soviet satellite nations.

In North America the survivors gather occasionally to recall their lost countries, their history and their culture. The bittersweet memories are less vivid for their children. □

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BATTLEFIELD TOUR

STANDING AT THE Copse of Trees is the nearest thing to an historical epiphany this continent has to offer. There is nothing nondescript about that spot of ground, nothing as grimly prosaic as, for instance, the window of a school-book depository. When I was there last summer, touring Civil War battlefields with my father, it seemed a divinely appointed spot, set aside for the unfurling of a great event, haunted by ghosts and the antique glories of war. Such, we were to discover, is the lure of blood-soaked ground.

I was ten years old when my father first deployed for me the Battle of Gettysburg's famous "fish hook" line across the kitchen table, one evening after supper. A salt shaker anchored the Union left flank at a heavily wooded knoll called Big Round Top, looking down on the rocky ascent of Little Round Top and a pile of boulders known as Devil's Den—positions held by heels of French bread. From there, forks and spoons marked the Yankee positions along Cemetery Ridge, curving northward across the tablecloth, then east and south again, to form a distinctive hook at the high ground of Cemetery and Culp's Hills—panoramic views surmounted by a pepper shaker and a milk glass. Knives thrusting eastward marked three separate Confederate assaults, one for each day of the battle. If crumbs were to symbolize dead Rebels and Yanks, however, we would have had to cast our bread with profligate abandon. Gettysburg's 43,000 casualties, evenly distributed over the field of battle, would have crowded 1,600 bodies in each of 25 square miles.

We made a first-hand inspection of the field, and seven other hallowed Civil War sites, 23 years later. Strung along a great four-state loop, the battlefields on our itinerary—arenas of the bloodiest and most decisive fighting in the war's eastern theater—were places we had talked and read about for a long time.

Going together to see them, however, was a risky venture. The years since our kitchen campaigning had not gone particularly well for my father and me. We'd come to disagree about too much, to hurt and disappoint one another in too many ways. Since leaving home in an adolescent huff at 17 I'd turned away from his austere humanist credo and embraced, instead, fundamental Christianity. In the process, I took a wide swing to the political right. With convictions grounded in the virtues of constancy, he was appalled by these changes. A rough-hewn rationalist with an abiding distaste for the metaphysical, he would tell me he was happy I'd found peace in Jesus. I knew better.

The battlefields of the Civil War were probably the last common ground on which we might safely meet. Family gatherings were invariably spent arguing, sometimes bitterly, about politics and religion. We were getting bored with each other, the kind of boredom that breeds contempt, and we seemed to realize almost simultaneously that the breach between us would have to be healed soon or not at all.

My father's reason for the trip was, ostensibly, cut and dried. He was getting "long in the tooth," he claimed, and might not have another chance to see the sights he'd so long and so completely imagined. My own reasons for going were somewhat less completely imagined. Neither he nor I admitted it, but the ten-day tour was fraught with the prospect of reconciliation. It reminded me of Lincoln's lines; ". . . mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and every patriot's grave will yet swell the chorus of Union . . ." Back then, you could talk like that about wars—private or public.

It was all right with her, my wife said, if I really wanted to spend my precious two weeks of vacation tramping around a lot of morbid real estate. Why not take Charles Kuralt along on our odyssey of discovery, a friend had snidely suggested. "They went searching for America . . . they found each other."

We were Californians, born and bred, rootless in that historically vacant frontier, where nothing seemed much older than the founding of Disneyland, and as we flew east, drinking in-flight beer, my dad began unexpectedly digging up his own distant past. He revealed things that for years I'd been curious and afraid to know: The sad account of his marriage to my mother, their life together, and the reasons they'd divorced were family secrets dating back to a time when he was younger than I am. It was unnerving, this sudden revelatory spurt, and I panicked a little. This was supposed to come later, I thought, not up here in the middle of nowhere, but out there in the East, where things were molded and rusty and falling apart. He was anticipating the cues.

My anxiety mounted during the two days we spent in Washington, sightseeing and museum-hopping, as a prelude to the battlefield tour. His flow of reminiscence stopped almost as soon as we landed, and I had no idea what we might have left to talk about. As soon as the bellboy opened the door to our hotel room, I realized I hadn't spent more than 48 consecutive hours alone with my father in the last 25 years. In some ways he hadn't changed at all; he made himself immediately at home by stripping down to his boxer shorts—a habit he'd acquired in the navy—and busily working up thick clouds of pipe smoke. At breakfast the next morning we argued about Reagan's deficits, and by 9:30 that night he was asleep, seeming-

Mr. Seay, a journalist and author, lives with his wife and three children in Los Angeles. San Francisco Nights, *his first book, has recently been published by St. Martin's Press.*

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Two hundred and sixty-two green recruits slammed into Wilcox's howling Alabamians. They returned, ten minutes later, with 47 survivors. One can feel the madness and valor still permeating the air

ly oblivious to the jet lag that kept me wide awake and twitching.

The more time I spent with him, the less certain I was that he'd really arrived at old age. His hearing aid broke on the second day out, but he didn't really seem to need it. He'd occasionally forget his blood-pressure pills, but tolerated the blistering summer heat as well as I. Yet he let me drive the rented car everywhere we went, content to navigate by road map and fiddle with the air conditioner. It was unlike him to entrust such a job to me, and I drove carefully, well under the speed limit. Time passed slowly on the back roads north from the capital to Gettysburg, and our sporadic conversation sputtered out completely by late afternoon. Had I simply imagined that my dad once cast so large a shadow in my life?

Four months after the battle that changed the course of the Great Rebellion, Lincoln asserted: "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." He was, it turned out, almost exactly wrong. Nearly everyone remembers his address, but almost everyone has forgotten what happened. Or why.

Two months and 121 years before we arrived on the scene, Major General George Pickett, CSA, and 42 regiments numbering nearly 11,000 men marched in dressed ranks toward the Copse of Trees, marking the center of the enemy line at Gettysburg. Smoke from the largest artillery duel ever fought in America was beginning to clear. After two days of relentless battering at the Union right and left flanks, the Army of Northern Virginia launched a frontal assault on federal forces arrayed along Cemetery Ridge, a barely perceptible swell in the bucolic Pennsylvania landscape. It advanced at the rate of a hundred yards a minute before coming into musket range across the Emmitsburg Road, halfway to its destination. The men huddled together, moving in a compact mass, turning their shoulders and tucking their heads against the withering fire as if slogging through a rainstorm. One eyewitness remembers the two-and-a-half-mile-wide formation as a "glittering forest of bayonets," with "the rustle of thousands of feet" stirring up dust and chaff "like the dash of spray at the prow of a vessel." As the Confederate assault broke against the copse, another observer recalled the sound of men cursing, praying, and dying as "strange and terrible . . . like a vast mournful roar." "Give them the cold steel!" was what Confederate General Lewis Armistead shouted as he led about three hundred men over the low stone wall at the base of the grove of gnarled trees. He was immediately shot dead, marking with his blood the high-water mark of the Confederacy, the apex of Southern hopes for independence.

The Copse of Trees, Civil War theoreticians will tell you, is the hinge on which the destiny of the nation swung back on that July afternoon. Had Pickett's charge succeeded in breaking the Union line and turning the tide of battle, European recognition of the Confederacy would inevitably have followed. The morale of the Northern populace would have been shattered, the Union sundered, and, eventually, the continent Balkanized. So the reasoning goes. If it had all gone differently in that terrible hour, my daughter, for example, might have been born a citizen of the Republic of California or even, conceivably, the Duchy of San Francisco.

We'd promised each other at the outset to stay, as much as possible, off the beaten track, to avoid touristic amenities, sightseeing buses, and franchise restaurants. We ended up, after a quick spin through the town of Gettysburg, seeking the bland comforts of a Howard Johnson diner. We would have stayed at a Ramada Inn as well, if one could have been found. The motel we settled on, in sight of the battlefield, sported a cheesy Lowlands motif, the dominant décor choice in a village abandoned to Civil War gawkers, Ike worship, and Pennsylvania Dutch hokum. My dad, still seemingly unaffected by Eastern Daylight Time, turned in shortly after dark while I chased sleep again through the sweltering night beneath the rumble of a rheumy air conditioner.

Dressed in khaki shorts and tennis shoes, we crested Cemetery Ridge early the next morning and stood amid a wilderness of aggrandizing stonework—obelisks, porticos, crenellated turrets, and bronzed Zouaves—deposited along the ridge like the spoor of an historical hound. We realized, suddenly, how dwarfed and insignificant the little battles in our mind's eye had been in comparison to the awful scale of the real thing. For what seemed the first time in years, excitement surged between us as we gazed at sights long familiar but vastly different and finally real. Sheep grazed on the marshy banks of Plum Run in the Valley of Death, where blood once lay in pools on the ground. Thunder from an approaching summer squall cracked the silence of the Wheat Field and the Peach Orchard, slaughter pens for the III Corps of Major General Dan Sickles. His blundering advance into the maw of Longstreet's ferocious veterans had nearly lost the day for the Union. A weathered split-rail fence angles across the spot where Colvill's First Minnesota Regiment—262 green recruits a long way from home—slammed into Wilcox's howling Alabamians to plug a critical gap in the Federal line. They returned, ten minutes later, with 47 survivors. "Scarcely a man among them could have failed to see what was being asked of him," Shelby Foote, the best of all Civil War historians, remarked of the First Minnesotans' frightful baptism, and so too, standing on the skirt of that meadow, one can scarcely fail to feel the tingling shocks of madness and valor still permeating the air.

We headed south, like the beaten Rebels before us, in a

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fierce summer squall. The rain was so heavy that, laughing, we pulled off the road. Gettysburg had shaken loose the stiffness between us. We'd felt the pitch and roll of the contested ground and refought the epic battle. In the plunging afternoon gloom we took pictures of each other, the storm crashing down outside the car. The ineluctable mystique of warfare had left us giddy, reeling back from the past.

"In the late twentieth century," lamented Ronald F. Lee, late chief historian of the National Parks Service, "under the shadow of nuclear-weapons proliferation, the historic battlefields of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries seem to many to have little direct connection with modern life." No argument there. To the uninitiated, the peculiar fascination engendered by the Civil War must seem decidedly perverse if not downright dangerous. Recurring pacifist frenzies might have turned America's military holy ground into playgrounds or malls had it not been, in part, for the efforts of the Army War College. In 1925, it undertook to survey more than 3,400 encounters, skirmishes, and battles of the Revolutionary and Indian Wars, the War of 1812, and the Civil War's historic mother lode. The most significant sites were set aside as national military parks. "Great emphasis was being given . . . to scientific accuracy in historical work," Ronald Lee wrote, "following the example of the German school of historians." Leave it to the Prussians, who "considered it highly desirable to study, document, map, and mark every troop position in unmistakable detail on the ground itself." The purpose of all this careful delineation was to serve the needs of "the scientific student of war to whom it was vital to study the strategy and tactics of the great campaigns in detail on the ground."

Scientific historicity had little to do with what we'd found waiting at Gettysburg. The blood and horror of nineteenth-century warfare had been muted by a century of peace; what remained was the rude, amoral thrill of battle. We may dutifully have wrung our hands over all the senseless bloodshed, but what we really felt was left unspoken, mutually understood. The chaos, the heat, and the glory of the fight—what it must have been like—had caught us up completely and connected us again.

Just outside Harper's Ferry we fell in with the Blue Ridge Antique Auto Club; a caravan of vintage cars—Hudsons and Hupmobiles and La Salles—tooling around the primordial twilight of those mountains on their annual rally. They followed us up to the faded splendor of a cliffside resort hotel overlooking the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah, where we ate brisket and carrot salad and drank beer, all happy tourists in a time warp. By evening the reckless exhilaration of the day had left us exhausted and homesick. On arrival, Sharpsburg, Maryland, seemed the exact center of nowhere.

The Red Bird Motel and Café is a subdivided railroad car set on a hill adorned with plastic flamingos. It's run by a teenage brother and sister: she, pretty and robust as a milkmaid, with a distant look in her eyes; he, tall and thin, with a Faulknerian pallor and the same detached gaze. It occurred to me only later that he was also of fighting age, the same kind of raw country boy buried by the thousands in mass graves all around that forlorn town. That night, as my dad snored and rain pelted the roof, sleep eluded me completely. The morning broke behind low clouds, and over coffee I watched the girl, wondering how much longer she would stick it out in this wretched place.

If a surpassing evocation of the military art crowns the field at Gettysburg, it's a desperate, claustrophobic savagery that haunts the hills overlooking Antietam Creek. Barely thirty miles southwest of Gettysburg, it seemed to us whole worlds apart. Sweeping vistas and summer light had yielded to a lowering sky and a labyrinth of dull, brutish cul-de-sacs—cornfields, blighted orchards, sunken roads—where grotesque strategic blunders committed more men to death than on any other single day in American history.

When the sun at last broke through the clouds, raising a mist off Antietam Creek, we made our way down a path leading to an old stone bridge at a perfectly tranquil spot where the stream cut across a meadow. At the sight of the span, my dad stopped, his breath catching. He approached it slowly, slapping the wet stones and studying the masonry work. I watched as he walked restlessly back and forth across the bridge, tramping through matted foliage on the far side to view it from another angle. He was caught, it seemed to me, in a spell.

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It was at that bridge, during the ferocious battle of September 17, 1862, that a fancifully whiskered major general named Ambrose E. Burnside earned his reputation as one of the most inept commanders in military history. Ordered at ten that morning to cross Antietam Creek and assault the Confederate right with a force of 13,000 men, Burnside spent the next three hours feeding one regiment at a time across a stone bridge defended by six hundred stubborn Georgians firing down from heights above the run. Despite the fact that the shallow Antietam could be forded within a few hundred yards on either side of the bridge, bore-sighted Burnside was determined that his men should cross dry-shod.

By three that afternoon he had at last accomplished his aim and was marching on Lee's stripped right flank when Confederate reinforcements, under the command of A. P. Hill, slammed headlong into Burnside's troops. Hill's élan was fired by memories of the beautiful Nelly Marcy, whom George McClellan, commander of the Union Army, had stolen from him years before. McClellan's courtship had been aided and abetted by the same Ambrose Burnside whose men now fled in dazed confusion.

My dad seemed a bit dazed himself as we stood at Burnside's bridge. For half an hour he squinted at it, clucking his tongue and shaking his head in a sort of suffused awe. For me, the bridge was one of those charmed places, like the Copse of Trees, where what might have been and what was passed closely by. For him, it apparently meant a great deal more. As we walked back up the path, he spoke briefly, and—much to my surprise—in defense of Burnside. It must have been a terrible chaos, he supposed, in the clamor and smoke, with horses rearing and men dying. The bridge was a tangible objective, a focus for all the mettle and determination expected of fighting men. Burnside had made a costly mistake. But who could be so certain, he came very close to saying, of keeping his wits at such a time?

I lingered over the interlude at Burnside's bridge, as we drove south into Virginia that afternoon. I'd grown accustomed, since childhood, to the harshness and finality of my father's judgments. He was a career naval officer, a man imprinted with the habits of duty, critical of frailty and failure. Yet, there on the bridge, I was sure he had found it in himself to forgive poor Ambrose Burnside. I watched him from the corner of my eye and wondered.

That night we had a fight about God. We had made our way to Fredericksburg, a base from which we would range, during the next few days, through the impenetrable thickets of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness and across the manicured fields of First Manassas. The town was a kind of poor man's Williamsburg, with landmarks like a tavern once owned by George Washington's brother. We bought a bottle of wine, settling into a motel with a view of the desultory Rappahannock. A man who looked remarkably like Abraham Lincoln was sitting in a rocking chair in the lobby watching *Adam 12*. He made his living, he told us, impersonating Honest Abe at Rotarian picnics and high-school graduations. We took his picture and he directed us to the only Japanese restaurant in town.

As we walked back to our motel over sidewalks buckled by the roots of trees, talk turned, unbidden, to religion. I was drunk, with sodden tempura churning in my stomach, and my dad got angry as it became bitterly evident that neither of us could stop what had begun. At length he admitted the link between his pride of intellect and a lifelong disdain for religious faith; I, in turn, acknowledged the awful risk of losing identity and integrity in the surrender to belief. But they were, for both of us, Pyrrhic victories. From years of habit we grappled for the upper hand, seeking the tactical advantage that would win the battle and the war. It got personal, and then ugly, and in the end, sitting in the room with the wine long gone, he pounded a Gideon Bible laid handily on the night table and swore no book would ever tell him what to think or how to live. That night I fell into a deep, dreamless sleep, the first since our trip began. The next morning we wanted to forget all about it.

Spotsylvania was one of the last stops on our itinerary;

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At Spotsylvania—the name itself had a funereal ring—the gap between daguerreotype nostalgia and the modern world was bridged. It was perhaps the first battle of its kind, a harbinger of impending horror

an obscure battlefield my dad evinced little interest in seeing. I knew why. His study of military history was, by and large, limited to the nineteenth century. I'd once tried to get him into Jules Roy's classic account of the battle of Dienbienphu, but he begged off, claiming it was too recent to make for comfortable reading. At Spotsylvania—the name itself had a funereal ring—the gap between daguerreotype nostalgia and the modern world was bridged. What happened there had no tactical finesse or real political significance: It was perhaps the first battle of its kind, a harbinger of the impending century's new methods of killing and a familiar horror to those who would watch Vietnam on their television sets.

Grant and Lee, in a campaign called the Forty Days, were locked in a macabre, southward-sidling dance in the last year of the war, ending in the siege of Petersburg and, ten months later, surrender at Appomattox. In huge wheeling flank movements they chased each other through Virginia, embracing in battle, then reeling back, as though stunned by their own ferocity. In May of 1864, they met outside the crossroads hamlet of Spotsylvania Courthouse and for ten days fought to a bloody stalemate.

"One hideous Golgotha" was how a survivor of the battle described it, and on the resplendent afternoon of our arrival, more crackled in the air than the first chill of autumn. The ubiquitous monuments had been reduced to a few granite mementos huddled on the edge of a huge, chewed-up track of land, a field that looked like nothing so much as the abandoned site for a housing development. The dense pine forest had been hacked back to form a ragged clearing full of mounds thrown up, it seemed, by some lunatic bulldozer. It was land still struggling valiantly to recover from catastrophe.

Shallow furrows crisscross the high ground at the southern edge of the field, the remains of an intricate system of enfilading Rebel trenches, timber barricades, and eight-foot-high earthworks of logs and dirt. The killing at this salient, known afterward as the Bloody Angle, was the worst in a battle that had begun with a Confederate regimental band playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," countered by a Union rendition of the "Dead March" from *Saul*. "These were the red hours of the conflict," writes Shelby Foote of the hand-to-hand, 16-hour nightmare, fought often in a sheeting rain. "Slaughter became an end in itself, unrelated to issues or objectives . . . ; they fought by the numbers, unrecognizant of comrades, in the ultimate loneliness of a horror as profoundly isolating in its effect as bone pain . . ."

I stood next to a sign stuck at the "Apex of the Confederate Salient" while my dad took the last few shots on a roll of film. In the twilight, Spotsylvania seemed like a vast room full of empty chairs. It drained away our will to reconstruct, to conjure up the lines of men-at-arms or second-guess the generals. There, at the end of our tour, we'd found a graveyard where a history of events had finally yielded to a history of human beings, offered up for a cause that seemed worth the price only from across the gulf of more than a century. At Spotsylvania, we tapped the bone pain of the nation.

We drove off in our rented car, littered with maps and mementos and snack-food wrappings, and what came to mind then was a scene I'd played over often in my imagination. My father is dying and I stand by his deathbed. He knows his race is almost run and he wants me to tell him about the Savior. It suddenly seemed terrible that, even in a daydream, things should have gone so far that for the sake of saving him, I would be willing to sacrifice him. For what truth, I wondered, would he be willing to die, or kill? It would have helped to know, but our tour was already nearly over and the further we pulled away from the Civil War, the less certain I was of how to phrase the question.

Next year, on our trip to Shiloh, Chickamauga, and other fields of the western theater, I hope I'll get my chance to ask. □

On the Theory of Relativity

When day was day
and night was night,
  when dark was dark
  and light was light,
    how sweet to be
    wrong totally
      or wholly right!

When short was short
and long was long,
  when weak was weak
  and strong was strong,
    how sweet to be
    right totally
      or wholly wrong!

When times arrive
of moral growth,
  when absolutes
  the pundits loathe,
    how sad to be
    not totally
      but partly both!

GLORIA A. MAXSON

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MAIL CALL

DOWN THE HILL to Cookie's place each morning, her of the long dark hair and frolicking eye, the world's very most unlikeliest of postmistresses, to pick up the day's burden of first-class, second-class, and third-class trash, down the hill I go, each morning with the hope of finding that rarest of delights, a real letter, a letter written for no other purpose than to give a moment's pleasure, like the magical first letter Robert Browning ever sent to Elizabeth (which *started out*, "I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett . . ."), or the lapidary lines of Max Beerbohm with their accompanying cartoons, or the silliness of Emily Dickinson, the private semaphores of Ezra Pound, the deep discourse of the Adams-Jefferson exchange.

The letter is the one art that cannot be "merchandised," to use the suitably vulgar word. The perfect letter gives pleasure and requires no reply; to lay even the shadow of a burden on the recipient's shoulder is to detract most grievously from the essence of the gift.

It is, as I say, the rarest of delights, and one may pause to ask why an art that drew the attention of almost all the great souls of the past and was daily practiced by every literate family is now so near extinction. For one thing, the "literate" no longer treat writing as an art; they are content to use it as a tool, a sort of conveyor belt for facts and statements and questions ("I'm fine. How are you? It's raining here. I need money"). For another, the present century has seen a global deterioration in what used to be a sense of individual human worth. A century ago, almost every educated person kept a diary, for it was agreed that each human life was worthy of note, contained some significance, deserved some respect. When this feeling prevailed, a written message from one human being to another became the opportunity for a solemn gesture, even if the solemnity amounted to revealing oneself in one's true colors—frivolous, playful, eccentric. Again, the "literate" are ignorant of the artistic resources of their language, not having read English literature, and seeing precious little of careful writing in the current press. Russell Kirk has pointed out that volumes of collected sermons were published by the million in the nineteenth century; I wager that no reader of this page has read a sermon published in the last fifty years. The mere habit of writing well has well nigh vanished, surviving here and there in the hearts of people who will send off a letter with the aim of giving pleasure.

Yours Very Truly

I THINK, with steady gratitude, of a lady in California, now 87 years old, who sends me a letter of several pages, every few weeks, in a bumptious rounded script, telling me of her experiences as an artist in England and Europe and around the world—how handsome Ezra Pound was as a young man and how hungry he was when he came to supper at her mother's house; how Villa-Lobos maintained an unusual household; how George Bernard Shaw once commented on her work. Her letters are fascinating, charming, precious, the kind of joy not to be found anywhere but in a personal letter, that sweet donation of one spirit to another.

My father-in-law amplifies my archives, when the spirit moves him, with documented histories of local characters and customs, anecdotes and biographies of family members, sidelights on American genealogy (several rivulets of the family have their springhead in Boston, 1630), annotations on American history and foreign relations and diplomatic history (he is a retired diplomatic officer)—all set forth in an English prose that is informal but not lax, resonant with his own humor, always precise and always unobtrusive.

A Midwestern publisher, himself an author of skill and grace, and a man of wide-ranging culture, writes letters that bear the stamp of the gentleman of the old school. He is the kind I cherish, who cannot write even a routine bread-and-butter note without adding the little turn of grace or learning that transmutes the duty into a delight.

a lady translator friend who has read everything in every language and whose brain is so filled that she talks in whole paragraphs that come tumbling out like blocks of ice when the yukon breaks up in the springtime writes me to argue that we're living in a new baroque age and spengler and toynbee were right but they were wrong and nietzsche cheated at cards and did you know that the correct translation of ach mein gott would be goodness or that latin vae was prolly the old smitic grunt that survives in woe weh ach weh u.s.w. aint it funny to think cicero was borrowing from yiddish and obviously the orientals are taking over the city and its the most exciting thing to happen in three hundred years but so how are you dollink?

One, or, perhaps, to be fair, I should say, more circuitously, a, indeed, another, correspondent, who,—poor girl,—took, it appears, sick, not quite long ago, with the, so to speak, prose, or prose "style," of Henry James, writes, to, occasionally, me, rather, I suspect, under the I am tempted to say influence, but perhaps I mean mildew, of The Master, with what object, if any, in mind, I scarce should make bold to hint, of course, at.

The late Finis Farr used to send letters filled with the sort of genial glee and quiet daffiness that were his very own. But it were well to reflect that the art is not only a salon game. Much of the driving force and moral wisdom of Western Civilization rests on a foundation made up of a handful of letters from Saul of Tarsus. □

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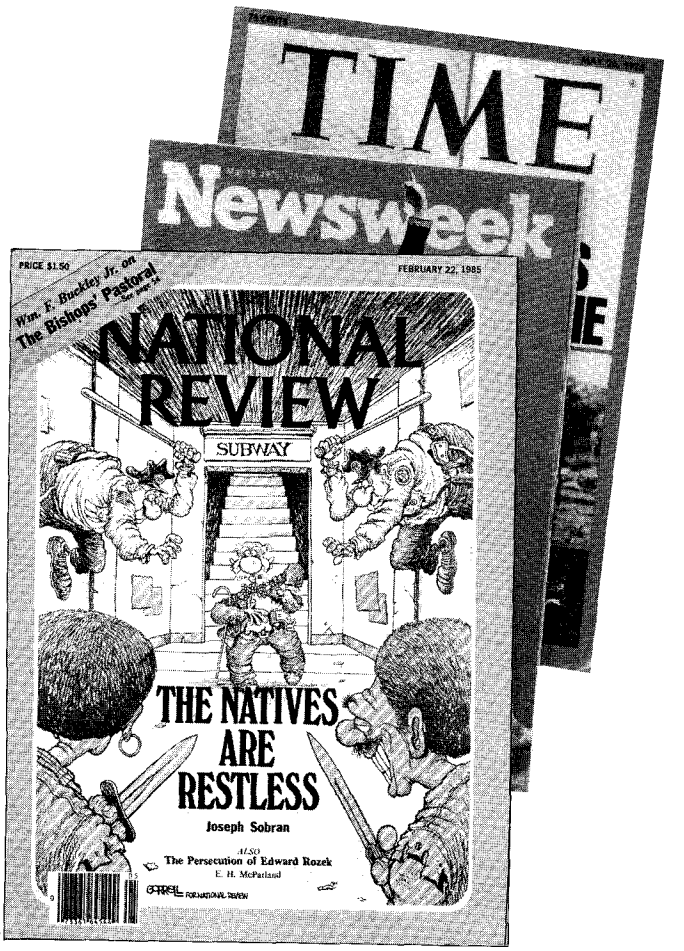

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LEFTIST VICTORIES

THE LEFT has recently scored two victories, one in North Rhine-Westphalia, the most populous *Land* of the German Federal Republic, the other in Greece. In both cases, the socialist ("Social Democratic") party emerged as the victor. In Germany, the loser was the right-of-center Christian Democratic Union (CDU); in Greece, the right-of-center New Democracy Party (NDP). The reasons the Left won and the Right lost go a long way toward explaining the basic political weaknesses of Western Europe.

First, the leftist parties, especially the Social Democrats, have become the Santa Claus parties, bestowing gifts on all and sundry. The socialist parties believe firmly in the Provider State (wrongly called the Welfare State). With German unemployment at record-high postwar levels, the tighten-your-belt attitude of the Christian Democrats is anything but popular. To win elections, a party has to have popular ("charismatic") leaders and popular ideas. It has to please the many, not just the educated and responsible few. The highly educated John Quincy Adams never had a chance against the semi-literate Andrew Jackson, nor did Heinrich Brüning against Hitler, and so forth.

Leftist parties, Santa Claus parties, cannot be defeated easily. They can, to be sure, defeat themselves, either by running uncharismatic or oratorically hopeless leaders, or by defaulting utterly on their promises. Yet, as Santa Claus parties, their advantages in elections are overwhelming, as both the German and the Greek elections illustrate.

Although the North Rhine-Westphalia election was a local election, the outcome was affected by the national political situation. The CDU-FDP (Free Democratic Party) coalition is under the leadership of a man without charisma, Helmut Kohl. He inspires nobody, and his party is dedicated to setting the budget right, not to buying votes. In Greece, leftist Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou enjoys tremendous popularity—among other reasons, because his party is adept at handouts, especially since Greece joined the Common Market. Impressive sums, largely from Common Market subsidies, have been given to the peasants, a voting group with clout, though not to the less numerous working class (which helps explain why opposition leader Konstantine Mitsotakis beat Papandreou in the two largest cities, Athens and Salonika).

The second factor is that while the leftist parties have been busy buying votes, their counterparts on the Right have done nothing to improve their dismal image. About ten years ago, Germany's Christian Democratic Union even debated whether it should drop the adjective Christian. Afraid of losing votes, it compromised on every issue and became a me-too party. The socialist Left stands for something, albeit a diluted Marxism.

The Christian parties of Europe have a religious basis, but one has to ask how big a role religion can play in a political program. Besides, both major churches in Europe are undergoing a religious crisis. In the denominations founded by the Reformers, the disastrous influence of the Enlightenment has almost completely destroyed Evangelical orthodoxy. In the Catholic Church, the crisis sparked by Vatican II is not resolved. It will take the present pope years to undo the damage done in the Sixties and early Seventies. Today, both Protestant and Catholic churches seem to be combinations of UNESCO, the Red Cross, social research institutes, and Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Some 150 years ago, Alexandre Vinet, the great Swiss Calvinist, said that in a Christian Democracy the noun would soon gobble up the adjective. Yet, without a sound religious foundation, no Right (or rightist) policy is thinkable.

And what about "conservatism"? Does it appeal to the masses? Here it must be remembered that the conservative label isn't used by any party in any predominantly Catholic European country, and that the Reformation was a conservative rebellion against the spirit of the Renaissance and of (Christian) Humanism. Hence parties with the conservative label are to be found only in northern Europe. In the Latin countries, the people whom Americans would call conservative speak of their own parties as of the Right (*droite*, *destra*, *derecha*). Yet, whatever the label, the European Right doesn't have a program that could be enthusiastically embraced.

EVEN SO, I don't believe that there is *no* chance for a party running on a tighten-your-belt program and an appeal to patriotism and to a Christian Europe. But for it to win would require strong leadership and a coherent set of inspiring ideals. Instead, we find the parties of the Right, even when they are in power, not willing, not daring, to unmake the mischief committed by the Left. This is most evident on the abortion issue. Where is the government of the Right that, having assumed power, has dared to stop the slaughter of the unborn?

Now for the third and final reason behind the leftist successes. The socialists seem ready to sacrifice everything for "peace." Though the Communists despise the socialist betrayal of Marxist principles, the socialists haven't betrayed them completely. When Willy Brandt, the leader of Germany's Social Democratic Party, went to Moscow recently, Comrade Gorbachev welcomed him with open arms. This isn't surprising. It was, after all, the radical wing of the Russian Social Democratic Party that staged the October Revolution in 1917. □

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UN-CHRISTIAN SENTIMENTALITY

One of the more discouraging features of the hostage crisis of 1985 is how little has been learned since the hostage crisis of 1979. Now that the hostages have been released, the temptation will once again be to stop thinking seriously about the implications of terrorism—until next time. But even more discouraging than this is how much sentimentality is still dressed up as religious caring.

Why do terrorists seize whole airplanes full of hostages? American television crews will fan out into scores of homes. The anguish of families will freeze the public mind. One impulse will rise in consciousness and drown out every other: *Save the lives of the hostages.*

Certainly, everything possible should be done to save the lives of hostages. But this principle cannot become an absolute. All else failing, their lives may have to be put at risk. For the latest group of anguished families follows other groups: the families of the Iranian hostages, the families of the dead Marines at the Beirut airport, the families of those killed in embassy bombings, the families of individuals kidnapped month by month. Sentimentality concerning current victims dooms future families. It may be *more* cruel to sacrifice later victims—many, many more of them—solely to save today's.

There is also the sentimentality of "praying for" the terrorists, as if they do not know, and have not coldly chosen, precisely what they are doing. As if the issue were to "touch their hearts." As if a banner outside the church read, "Have you hugged a terrorist today?" This is the world view of those who imagine that love is located in the sentiments.

TWA 847 had many brave and experienced young men aboard. With only one pistol and two grenades, the terrorists knew exactly how to terrorize them. Every action seemed planned and rehearsed. Messages had been prepared in advance. The terrorists—one spoke German—were able to organize precise communications between Athens, Beirut, and Algiers. Their accomplices stood ready to join them in Beirut.

The very first words they broadcast to the public revealed a *strategic* purpose: "Jerusalem is calling you, you that claim yourselves to be Moslems. To the people who surrendered to Israel, to Mubarak and Arafat, Hussein and Saddam . . . Jerusalem can only be liberated by the hands of true believers . . ."

The main purpose of the seizure of TWA 847 could *not* have been to free the seven hundred Shiites held by Israel. Israel was already in the process of releasing them. If anything, the seizure had to be rushed in order to occur before the flimsy "cover" for it simply dissolved.

These terrorists did not need religious conversion. Their religion is radical Islam. Their aim is to recapture the Holy Land—to drive out Jews, Christians, secularists, and "weak" and "pluralist" Moslems, until the Holy Places stand only in "the hands of true believers."

This is not mere psychological fanaticism. It is an ancient purpose. Many years ago when I studied in Rome, one of my friends belonged to a religious order that had originally been founded to ransom the thousands of Christian hostages taken by "the Turks." These unfortunate captives, seized while on pilgrimage to the Holy Lands or traveling abroad by ship, were held as galley slaves, chained to their oars. Winning their liberty by ransom (sometimes by supplying a substitute) occupied generations.

Radical Islam, wedded to Leninist terror, is vastly more powerful than the numbers of its adherents warrant. What radical Islamic states cannot do, terrorists can: make successful war upon the United States.

The professionalism of these terrorists is obvious. Thousands are being trained in the arts of public propaganda and knowledge of the enemy, in the expert use of weaponry, in languages, in how to use modern urban technologies, in physical and psychological mastery, and much else. Such instruction requires schools and training camps, practice ranges, and a steady stream of fresh intelligence and evaluation.

The location of such training camps is, in some cases, well known; in others, perhaps, yet to be discovered. The identities of the terrorists' planning cadres and leading operatives need to be computerized. Their networks must be penetrated by counterspies. Their bases must be destroyed. Their most highly trained operatives must be tracked down.

Most of all, American sentimentality must be shattered. The depiction of the families' anguish must not deter us from going to causes, not symptoms. In international covert war, the United States has already suffered terrible casualties. Many more of us will die. Many more families will grieve. This is the price of liberty. To think otherwise is cowardly and shameful.

Like it or not, whenever Americans travel in the world today, their lives and personal liberty are in danger. International terrorism intends exactly such disorder. It has declared war on the United States and all its friends everywhere. No longer can pilgrims or tourists, as if children spoiled in a free society, be "unaware" of who they are and what they have at risk.

Such terrorists hold in terror Moslem civilization as well as Jews and Christians and all persons of good will. To sentimentalize such enemies is not Christian. To defeat them is a duty. □

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WHO KILLED DR. NEW DEAL?

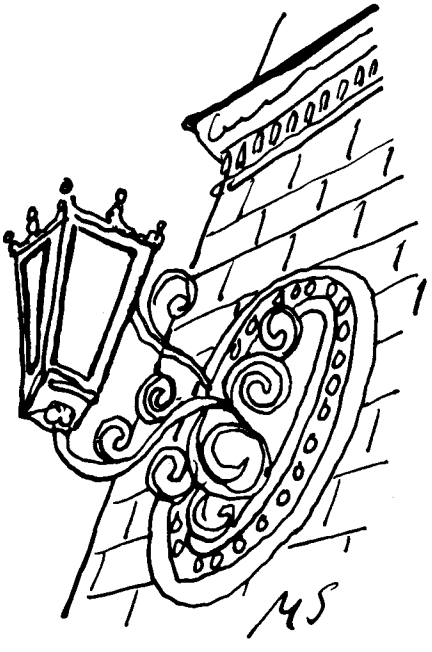
Forrest McDonald

Liberalism and Its Challengers: FDR to Reagan, by Alonzo L. Hamby (Oxford, 386 pp., $24.95)

AT FIRST GLANCE a book about liberalism since Franklin Roosevelt, written by a liberal, would seem unlikely to be appetizing fare for readers of *NR*. On closer inspection, it appears even less so. The work is largely derivative, a synthesis of secondary accounts organized around a succession of presidential Administrations, with a chapter on Martin Luther King Jr. thrown in for color. Such a format is as inherently soporific as a textbook.

As one wades through it, however, one gradually realizes that this is an important book—not for the light it sheds upon the political history of the United States during the past five decades, but as a comment upon the status of present-day liberalism. Alonzo Hamby is a scholar of considerable standing, his specialty being Harry Truman. He admires Truman, virtually idolizes Roosevelt, thinks Jack and Bobby Kennedy were just wonderful, and regards Martin Luther King as a veritable saint. His list of bad guys—Taft, McCarthy, Nixon, and so on—is entirely predictable. And yet what we have here is a book that, from a different perspective, confirms and reinforces the message of Bob Tyrrell's *The Liberal Crack-Up*. What this suggests is that the demise of liberalism has become so obvious that even liberal academics have noticed it.

The causes and nature of the phenomenon appear different from the liberal perspective, however, and it is instructive to consider Hamby's analysis of how it came about. Most striking is the absence of a number of elements that conservatives would regard as central. There is no hint, for example, that a berserk Supreme Court had anything to do with it: no mention of *Roe* v. *Wade*, *Engel* v. *Vitale*, *Griswold*, *Miranda*, *Escobedo*, *Bakke*, *Weber*. There is scarcely a mention of the metastasization of a federal bureaucracy that eludes control by Congress, Court, and Constitution, or of the proliferation of such utterly monstrous agencies as the Legal Services Corporation. There is no consideration of the decay of public and private morality (save in regard to Richard Nixon); or of the emergence of self-styled oppressed minorities demanding and getting preferential treatment; or of the institutionalization of victimhood in the constitution of the Democratic National Convention. There is no admission that the liberal enterprise may have been inherently flawed, and only a passing, grudging suggestion that there may be some problems that are not susceptible to solution by government. Finally, and most surprisingly in a book about liberalism and its *challengers*, there are virtually no conservatives. Three neoconservatives—Bell, Kristol, and Moynihan—do draw brief mention, but there is nobody here named Hayek or Voegelin or Weaver or Kirk or Buckley.



What was it, then, that did liberalism in? Hamby finds the answer in the twisted psyche of Lyndon Baines Johnson. Johnson, temperamentally "a man of excess and overcompensation," was "determined to outdo all his predecessors" and pushed "the tradition of his old hero FDR to a breaking point." Desperately "wanting love for his benevolence, he overloaded the social-welfare system and raised utopian hopes. . . . Craving respect for his strength and will, he committed the nation to a war it could not win," and the effort left "the nation's economy on the road to ruin."

There is something to the thesis, and I confess that I find it personally appealing. I was voting to end Johnson's political career as early as 1948, and I adhere to the school of thought which holds that Ronnie Dugger and Robert Caro are Soft on Lyndon. I therefore readily concur in the judgment that Johnson's Administration was an unmitigated disaster for the nation. But to attribute the demise of liberalism to it is to oversimplify an extremely complex process. As for the Viet-

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Aram Bakshian Jr., a former presidential speechwriter, will henceforth be writing regularly on television for NR.

Scott Lahti, a recent graduate of New York University, is a freelance critic living in New York City.

Forrest McDonald's latest book is Novus Ordo Seclorum: The Intellectual Origins of the Constitution, *to be published in November by the University Press of Kansas.*

Jeffrey Meyers is the author of The Craft of Literary Biography *(Schocken) and a life of Hemingway, due out soon from Harper & Row.*

Terry Teachout is an assistant editor of Harper's *and a regular contributor to* High Fidelity.

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nam War, we in truth won it. What was unwinnable was the peace, and that only because a large and influential segment of the civilian population of the United States behaved in a manner that every previous generation of Americans would have regarded as treasonable. For all of Johnson's failings, it is unfair to fault him for not having foreseen that.

Irrespective of the shortcomings of his analysis, however, Hamby reaches the right conclusions. He perceives that by the 1970s "the once firm distinction between liberalism and socialism had all but evaporated," and that the product of four decades of liberalism had been "sentimentalism, big-brotherism, excessive bureaucracy, waste, out-of-control budgets, endemic inflation, an economically debilitating tax structure, and the persistence—indeed, the seeming aggravation—of many social problems the Great Society liberals had promised to ameliorate." He is willing to concede that Ronald Reagan may be able to work a turnaround and end up as a "Roosevelt of the Right." If, in these views, he is representative of most old liberals, there may yet be hope for the Republic. □

SCHUMPETER WITHOUT TEARS

Terry Teachout

Innovation and Entrepreneurship: Practice and Principles, by Peter F. Drucker (Harper & Row, 277 pp., $19.95)

POLITICIANS, as Keynes pointed out in his famous coda to *The General Theory*, really do listen to economists; what they do after that is another story. When Nikolai Kondratieff developed an econometric model that correctly predicted the disastrous effect of collective farms on Soviet agriculture, Stalin listened closely—and then had Kondratieff shot.

Kondratieff dead, as it turned out, was far more influential than Kondratieff alive; Joseph Schumpeter's 1939 *Business Cycles*, based on the Kondratieff econometric model of cyclical breakthrough and decline in technology, put his ideas into general circulation and made the "fifty-year Kondratieff cycle" a basic part of the economic vocabulary. And *Innovation and Entrepreneurship*, Peter Drucker's important new book, begins with a concise explanation of the Kondratieff model:

> Every fifty years . . . a long technological wave crests. For the last twenty years of this cycle, the growth industries of the last technological advance seem to be doing exceptionally well. But what look like record profits are actually repayments of capital which is no longer needed in industries that have ceased to grow. This situation never lasts longer than twenty years, when there is a sudden crisis, usually signaled by some sort of panic. There follow twenty years of stagnation, during which the new, emerging technologies cannot generate enough jobs to make the economy itself grow again—and no one, least of all government, can do much about this.

Mr. Drucker's current interest in Kondratieff cycles stems from the economic events of the last decade, in the course of which we have seen two serious recessions and a catastrophic decline in the viability of America's smokestack industries. The new high-tech industries are also conforming to the Kondratieff model; so far, they have contributed about the same number of jobs to the economy as the smokestack industries have lost, with no net gain considered likely for at least another decade.

But that, of course, is only one side of the coin. Mr. Drucker's statistics tell the rest of the story:

> In the two decades 1965 to 1985, the number of Americans over 16 . . . grew by two-fifths, from 129 to 180 million. But the number of Americans in paid jobs grew in the same period by one-half, from 71 to 106 million. The labor-force growth was fastest in the second decade of that period, the decade from 1974 to 1984, when total jobs in the American economy grew by a full 24 million.

What happened? Is the Kondratieff model wrong, or does it merely fail to take some subtle economic factor into account?

The missing factor, Mr. Drucker argues, is not subtle at all—but it *is* a kind of factor to which formal systems of economic thought are invariably insensitive. It is a "meta-economic" event: something that affects the economy without being an actual part of it. It is a profound change in "values, perception, and attitude" on the part of

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young Americans; it is reflected in their willingness "to work like demons for long years and to choose grave risks rather than big-organization security." It is, in short, the spirit of enterprise, and it has created a new kind of economy based not on the corporation but on the entrepreneur.

The idea of an entrepreneurial economy has been in the air for quite some time, of course; George Gilder had been writing about it long before he brought out *The Spirit of Enterprise*. But *Innovation and Entrepreneurship* is as different from *The Spirit of Enterprise* as Mr. Drucker's early books on corporate management were from James Burnham's *The Managerial Revolution*. This essential difference is clearly stated in the preface:

> . . . whereas much of today's discussion treats entrepreneurship as something slightly mysterious, whether gift, talent, inspiration, or "flash of genius," this book represents innovation and entrepreneurship as purposeful tasks that can be organized—are in need of being organized—and as systematic work.

Mr. Drucker begins by outlining the theoretical foundations of an entrepreneurial economy, which are rooted in Schumpeter's radical concept of capitalism as "creative destruction" rather than in any conventional economic theory. For Mr. Drucker, the concept of the entrepreneur

> is independent of classical economics and indeed incompatible with it. Classical economics optimizes what already exists, as does mainstream economic theory to this day, including the Keynesians, the Friedmanites, the supply-siders. It focuses on getting the most out of existing resources and aims at establishing equilibrium. It cannot handle the entrepreneur but consigns him to the shadowy realm of "external forces," together with climate and weather, government and politics, pestilence and war, but also technology.

In place of classical equilibrium, Mr. Drucker opts for Schumpeter's belief that "dynamic disequilibrium brought on by the innovating entrepreneur, rather than equilibrium and optimization, is the 'norm' of a healthy economy and the central reality for economic theory and economic practice."

Entrepreneurship, according to Mr. Drucker, is a unique approach to management rather than a sentimental vision of the small businessman with a bright idea. In the entrepreneurial economy, the successful businessman uses "purposeful, systematic innovation" as a management tool—whether in the redesigning of a hamburger stand or the operation of a large metropolitan hospital. The bulk of *Innovation and Entrepreneurship* is given over to a detailed, example-laden discussion of how to innovate; this nuts-and-bolts look at entrepreneurial method will be of particular interest to those countless executives who have been following the Drucker gospel from the time *Concept of the Corporation* first appeared in 1946.

CONSERVATIVES have been having trouble with Peter Drucker ever since Willmoore Kendall described him in the pages of *NR* as the kind of man "who writes books showing how you can be a conservative and yet agree with the liberals about everything not demonstrably unimportant." Indeed, beginning with the publication in 1939 of his first important book, *The End of Economic Man*, Peter Drucker has been arguing that the underlying assumptions of both classical and Keynesian economics have been invalidated by such "meta-economic" events as the rise of Fascism, the managerial revolution, and the increasing control of American equity capital by employee pension funds.

Yet Mr. Drucker has consistently identified himself as a conservative, and there seems every reason to take him at his word. For his rejection of classical economic theory is not a rejection of the need for a free market; indeed, he is deeply concerned about the problem of preserving the political legitimacy of the market (a very Austrian notion) in a democratic society. It seems possible that *Innovation and Entrepreneurship*, which meshes so neatly with the current economic thinking of modern American conservatives, might be the vehicle by which Peter Drucker's trenchant views on economics, politics, and society finally become a part of the mainstream of conservative thought; it is for this reason that this book, as good as it is, disappointed me in one crucial respect.

Innovation and Entrepreneurship is not silent on the dangers inherent in a transition to an entrepreneurial economy; Mr. Drucker points out the problems of redundant workers, obsolete social policies, and the need for a tax system that encourages capital formation and flexibility—this last a particularly timely point, what with the current imbroglio over the anti-smokestack prejudices built into the Reagan tax plan. But his approach is consistently optimistic about the prospects of life in the age of the entrepreneur: There is no serious discussion of the continuing problem of political legitimacy at a time when our oldest industries are gradually going broke.

These are problems of which Mr. Drucker is demonstrably aware, since they are at the heart of Joseph Schumpeter's most important book, the 1942 *Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy*. Schumpeter enunciated the principle of "creative destruction" in this book, making it clear that a society based on entrepreneurial capitalism would provide a better living for everybody. But he was just as firmly convinced that the economic disequilibrium produced by an entrepreneurial society—and the inevitable waves of industry-wide unemployment that follow in its wake—will ultimately erode the political legitimacy of democratic capitalism and lead the public to demand a socialist government, preferring its economic stagnancy to the challenge and uncertainty of a capitalist economy.

Mr. Drucker strongly believes that the potential for growth in an entrepreneurial economy will overcome this tendency. His vision of our economic future is Schumpeter without tears. But as the Democrats fight over what direction (if any) to take in the wake of the Reagan landslide, Schumpeter's prophecies take on a new sharpness of focus. We may not be all that far away from a time when one of this country's two major political parties explicitly identifies itself with the socialist priorities of organized labor and the Left. Will the new entrepreneurial economy be strong enough to withstand that kind of concerted political opposition? Can it cope with the special-interest class warfare that has all but paralyzed Great Britain's economy? At the scarcely credible age of 76, Peter Drucker has given us

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a remarkable book about the economic future of the United States. Perhaps he now owes us an equally remarkable book on our political destiny. □

THE CONDITION OF NORMAN

Jeffrey Meyers

Mailer: His Life and Times, by Peter Manso (Simon & Schuster, 720 pp., $19.95)

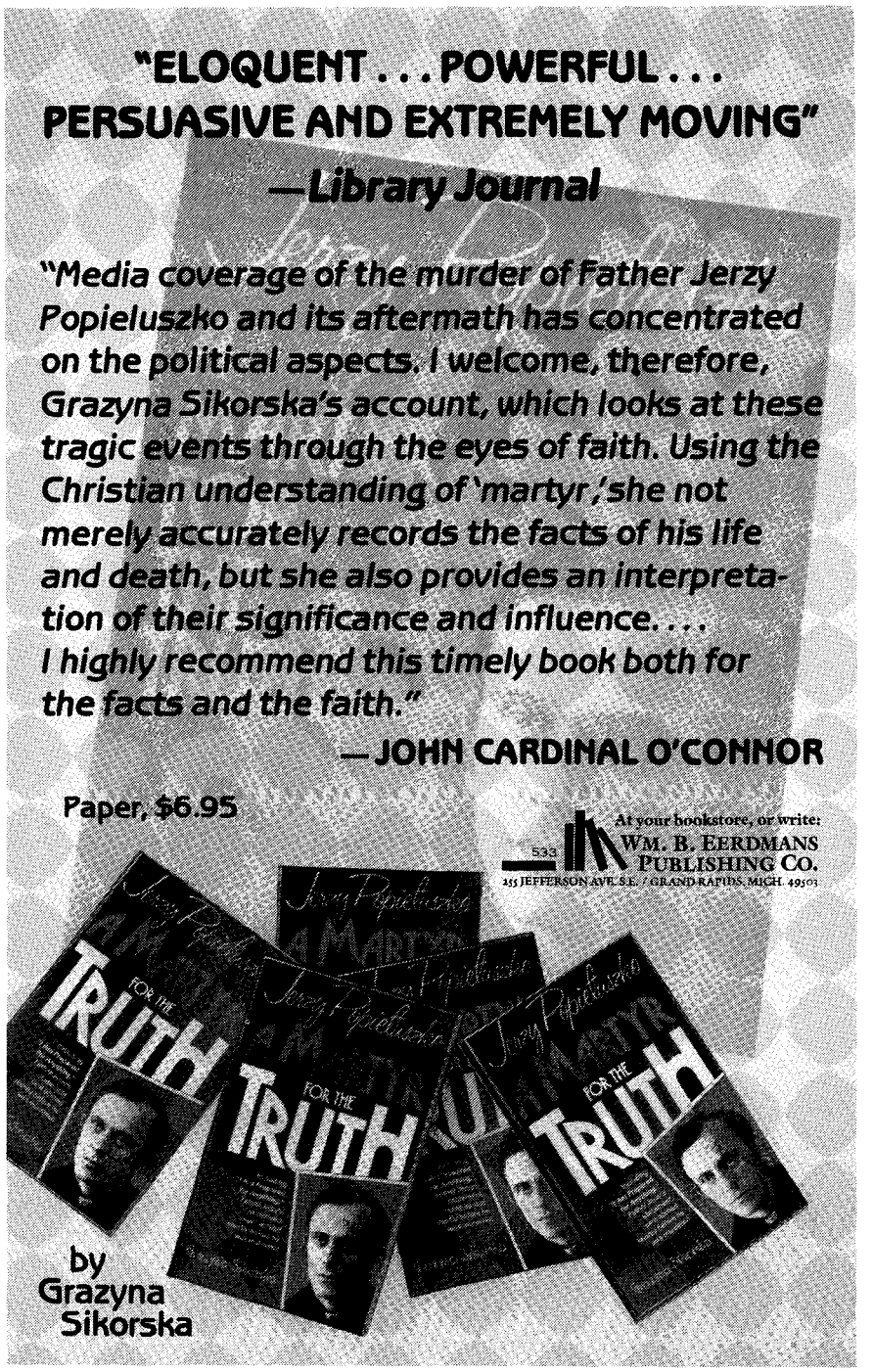
NORMAN MAILER, a fascinating subject, has had bad luck with his biographers. Hilary Mills's book was superficial and obtuse; Manso's (complete with tasteless dust-jacket) portrays the writer as celebrity and vulgarian, and epitomizes the corruption it describes. This undeveloped embryo is not a biography, but a crude compilation of extracts from two hundred interviews. There is no introduction to or transition between the entries, no coherent structure or narrative, no evaluation or interpretation of these egoistic and anecdotal fragments. This is not valuable oral history, like Ronald Fraser's book on the Spanish Civil War, but a monstrous gossip column in which no detail is too trivial or disgusting to record.

The informants, uneven in quality and tediously repetitive, present an unmediated clamor of contradictory views. Apart from Mailer's two perceptive secretaries, who provide a rare standard of intelligence, few of these people, including the dull and righteous intellectuals, are very articulate. We are subjected, instead, to irritating slang and current cant that is torture to read and reveals the appallingly debased discourse of the 1980s. On one end of the Newspeak scale, the words no longer express meaning: "He was moving into places that my system wouldn't allow me to follow" and (with an unintentional pun): "The problem was that she was more into Harry than Harry was into her." On the other end, there is meaningless pretension: "Inchoate emotions weren't validated" and (from Mailer's lifelong Marxist mentor, Jean Malaquais): "Neither is he to be sized up in some little pseudo-dialectical artifice a contrario."

All Mailer's wives have had a vulgar streak (he was attracted to Lady Jean Campbell, for example, because she had been the mistress of Henry Luce). His publishers and editors seem characteristically loathsome. Mailer always has a court around him ("They feel he's more real than they are. They want to touch him, to hang on to reality"); and his gang of third-rate "ass-kissers" are preoccupied with getting divorced and entering analysis. Their parties offer, in this life, a foretaste of hell. They speak frankly, though favorably, of Mailer, as if he were dead.

The "little Jewish guy with a lot of hair and big ears," smothered in mother's love, emerges as the boy genius, mad about writing. The letters to his Arkansas army friend are surprisingly dull, but he is the most perceptive analyst of his own character. Though merely a cook in the army, he transformed that involuntary experience into *The Naked and the Dead*, which made him famous at 25 and thrust him into Hollywood. Fame also "lobotomized" his past and forced him to invent his public persona.

The failures of *Barbary Shore* and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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More July Titles: *Yeager: An Autobiography* (Bantam, $17.95), by General Chuck Yeager and Leo Janos, is interesting both as narrative and as a portrait of the World War II combat ace who went on to become America's number-one test pilot, though he modestly describes his chief assets as superb eyesight, great mechanical aptitude, and a strong disinclination toward getting killed.

With *Haile Selassie's War: The Italian-Ethiopian Campaign, 1935-1941* (Random House, $24.95), Anthony Mockler may well have contributed the definitive account of Mussolini's follow-up to the Italians' 1896 attempt to conquer Ethiopia. . . . *The Root: The Marines in Beirut, August 1982-February 1984* (Harcourt Brace, $19.95), by Eric Hammel, describes the year and a half the Marines spent in Lebanon, during which they "were de-clawed and placed in a static position with no clear mandate nor any means of eluding the wishes of a maniacal anti-American regime."

☐ Some August Titles: In *The Militarists: The Rise of Japanese Militarism since World War II* (Donald I Fine, $18.95), Edwin P. Hoyt argues that between 1948 and 1984 the Japanese military was resurrected despite the strictures against it written into the constitution of 1946. The process began, according to Hoyt, when Japanese ships were given the task of clearing minefields after the war; was furthered by the establishment of the Self-Defense Force; and is now being encouraged by Washington, which wishes to see the Japanese a military power in Asia.

Education's Smoking Gun: How Teachers' Colleges Have Destroyed Education in America (Freundlich, $17.95), by Reginald G. Damerell, is a blistering attack on the teacher-education cow colleges which the author claims perpetuate illiteracy in American secondary schools. Damerell, a former ad executive who became a professor of education at the University of Massachusetts and finally quit that post in disgust, is also highly critical of racial-equality goals in education, which he argues will lead to a "permanent educational underclass" in the United States. —CW

The Deer Park temporarily helped to return him to reality. But he was determined to bring mind and discipline to bear on the eruption of instinct, to do things that frightened him. He indulged in bourbon and Seconal, marijuana, peyote, and mescal; tried Orgone boxes and became host to succubi; broke with friends. He entered the condition of panic, became crazy and dangerous, had several breakdowns. He lost his idealism and his artistic integrity, and lapsed into plagiarism in his book on Marilyn Monroe. Finally, reduced to an alcoholic zombie, he stabbed his second wife in the heart when she attacked his sexual virility and (freed from criminal charges) complained how awful it was that people "gently move knives away so they're out of my reach."

Mailer, who has none of Hemingway's redeeming features and lacks the protective isolation of Cuba, imitates and exaggerates all the debased aspects of Hemingway's life. The sportsman participates in head-bashing and ear-biting; the fighter (told that his dog is queer) is beaten up; the competitor attacks all his fictional friends and rivals in print; the celebrity makes a public fool of himself; the lover is inexperienced and insecure. Like Hemingway, Mailer feels obliged to hide, even extinguish, the bookish, sensitive, and introspective side of his character.

Mailer's self-discipline enables him to write, even in the worst of times. Though aware of his radical faults as an author, he soldiers on to the next book without correcting them. He is an overreacher, willing to try and fail at anything, but not willing to commit himself completely to his art and achieve even one successful novel. In "The Choice" Yeats wrote: "The intellect of man is forced to choose, / Perfection of the life, or of the work." By not making this choice, or by attempting to choose both, Mailer provides a fearful contrast to those exemplary American artists who write relatively little but are dedicated to perfection of the work: Elizabeth Bishop, J. F. Powers. ☐

TORAH AND NAVY

Jeffrey Hart

Herman Wouk: The Novelist as Social Historian, by Arnold Beichman (Transaction, 100 pp., $14.95)

It was with some surprise that I noted the dust-jacket claim that this is a "comprehensive study of the writings of Herman Wouk"—surprise, since the book including its index is only one hundred pages in length. Comprehensive?

Yet it turns out to be precisely that. Mr. Beichman is admirably concise, and he has a sure eye for the pertinent datum, whether it be biographical or literary. With his help, we can attempt an informed assessment of Herman Wouk as a man and as a writer.

The creative drama in Wouk's life and work arises out of his intense commitment to Judaism on the one hand and, on the other, to America and to Western culture. "In one of the folders in his Columbia archive," writes Beichman, "I found some handwritten notes which perhaps explicate a little more dramatically these influences: 'The two teachers who most influenced my life were a man without a trace of Western culture and a man who embodied it.' " The first was his grandfather, Rabbi Mendel Leib Levine, who had never heard of Dante or Dickens but was a sort of walking Torah. The second was Irwin Edman, the cultivated philosopher who dominated Wouk's undergraduate mind at Columbia. Edman could talk about Aristotle or Santayana as if he had grown up with them.

And here we come to the enormous emotional importance for Wouk of the United States Navy. It was while serving in the Pacific during World War II that he brought the Rabbi and Edman into a stable synthesis. At sea, Lieutenant Wouk ate nothing but bread and potatoes because the ship's menu offered mostly pork. One day Wouk wrote the following poem and posted it on the bulletin board:

Of all God's creatures small and big
We owe most to our friend, the pig.

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Yeoman, record this in the log:
Twenty-one-gun salute—the hog.

A senior officer saw the poem, found out who had written it, and issued an order to the galley: "Give this man something he can eat."

The U.S. Navy, and by extension America, and beyond that the West as transmitted by Edman were hospitable to the Rabbi's grandson. Not surprisingly, the wartime Navy was for Wouk "the great experience of my life."

All this and more comes together in *The Caine Mutiny* (1951), by far his best novel. The plot owes much to *Mutiny on the Bounty*, but the novel itself issues in strikingly different conclusions. There is no Tahiti here, asserting its competing and valid claims. The villain, unmistakably, is the cowardly intellectual, Lieutenant Keefer, glib, subversive, and lacking guts. As against Keefer, we sympathize with the ordinary line officer Lieutenant Maryk, who does his duty as he sees it and assumes responsibility. In the end, the pathetic Queeg is both destroyed and vindicated. Queeg lacks even the partially redeeming seamanship of Nordhoff and Hall's Captain Bligh. But as the defense attorney, Barney Greenwald—no doubt speaking for Wouk—sums it up, he would, if he were writing a war novel, make Queeg the hero "on account of my mother, a little grey-haired Jewish lady." Greenwald talks about how the Nazis are "cooking us down to soap over there," and he tells the former officers of the *Caine* that while they were enjoying civilian life the professional officers, the Queegs, "were manning guns."

To be sure, Queeg would have lost the *Caine* during the typhoon. At that point the mutiny was surely justified. But we may also think that without the meddling Keefer, Maryk and the others would have sustained Queeg more solidly from the beginning and perhaps have avoided the crisis entirely. In any case, the Navy itself is the hero of the book, and Keefer the serpent in the garden.

The Caine Mutiny, which won a Pulitzer in 1952, stands up well today. I remember reading it in 1952 for strictly utilitarian reasons, to find out what in hell was going to happen to me in Navy OCS, to which the book was indeed a reliable guide. Recently I re-read it and discovered it could usefully be assigned in a college course along with *Mutiny on the Bounty* and Melville's *Billy Budd* for an analysis of different perspectives on authority and rebellion.

In all of Wouk's best work he returns to the experience and the themes touched on above: *This Is My God* (1959) is a moving exposition of Judaism, while *The Winds of War* (1971) and *War and Remembrance* (1978) return to World War II, Wouk's primal scene.

As a man Wouk is, in my opinion, thoroughly admirable: an American patriot, proud of his Jewish heritage, deeply religious, a serious moralist. As a novelist, his roots are in the eighteenth-century narrative. If, even at his best, he is not an absolutely first-rate writer, it is owing to his workmanlike prose, which lacks the textural distinction of the writing of his most distinguished contemporaries.

Wouk might also be considered in the context of the literature of Jewish assimilation, which has many modes and could be explored in the works of Roth, Bellow, Mailer, Malamud, and

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others. As one who has no ancestral ethnic tugs, but only a powerful one to the American Founders and to the culture of the West, I sometimes wonder whether I have missed out on some creative complications. □

BEYOND BABEL

Scott Lahti

George Steiner: A Reader, by George Steiner (Oxford, 447 pp., $25)

GEORGE STEINER holds a unique place among present-day generalist literary critics. His reputation for enormous polymathic learning, his provocative manner of expression, and his obsessed focus upon the relationship between language, literature, and the Holocaust have led to considerable controversy among the specialist scholars in literature departments in America and Europe. Why was the incomparable depth and beauty of German classical culture powerless to prevent the eventual bestiality of the Hitler regime, and what was the relationship between the two? Can being excessively steeped in the arcana of specialized scholarship breed a latent malevolence? Is our mass technological society witnessing a decline in "humane literacy" and a diminution of our resources of language? Steiner's raising of such questions, and his often extreme responses to them, have annoyed certain critics, who accuse him of a lack of decorum.

These questions, taken from such works as *Tolstoy or Dostoyevsky*, *The Death of Tragedy*, *Language and Silence*, *In Bluebeard's Castle*, and *After Babel*, offer a representative sample of Steiner's critical work during the past 25 years. His style is by turns richly allusive, metaphoric, intensely concerned, prophetic, apocalyptic—and almost always captivating. However, his answers are often fragmentary, and his frequent resort to extravagant assertions and perverse generalizations lessens the force of his arguments ("Judaism and homosexuality . . . can be seen to have been the two main generators of the entire fabric and savor of urban modernity in the West," he states in his otherwise memorably evocative *New Yorker* portrait of the British art historian and Soviet spy Anthony Blunt, a piece entitled "The Cleric of Treason").

This tendency to go out on a limb (and sometimes fall off) may arise from an overreaching eclecticism, which leads him, for example, to give more credit to Marxist critics than they probably deserve (chiefly because their sociological approach is so deadly serious: "Above all, it is not frivolous"). To his credit, he is most eloquent in denouncing, as a corrosive and cheapening influence on our culture, the flood of "high pornography" that followed the removal of legal restraints on sexual frankness in literature. He is also admirably distrustful of the currently fashionable deconstructive and post-structural schools of academic criticism, whose dialectical methods and elevation of commentary to a higher importance than literature itself are rightly viewed as aberrant inversions of perspective.

Steiner is most securely in his natural element when evoking the styles of feeling of individual writers and their surrounding cultural climates. This is especially true for what he terms "Central European Humanism," or the Prague-Vienna-Berlin axis. This polyglot, cosmopolitan culture, from roughly 1870 to 1930, nourished a large proportion of those figures, many of them Jews, whose original genius in the arts and sciences played a large part in shaping the cultural tenor of this century (Freud, Mahler, Kraus, Schoenberg, Einstein, Musil, Kafka, Broch, Wittgenstein, et al.). The heightened context in which their work is now viewed is all the more tragic since many of them were driven into exile by the Nazis, their indigenous culture now lying, as Steiner phrases it, "in literal ash."

Steiner conveys much of the compelling, haunting flavor of this milieu, instilling in the reader the will to further exploration. His sense of the high intellectual adventure afforded by European literature, of its power to transform the individual, is contagious. And he earns that backhanded compliment deserved by few academic critics these days: He is never dull. □

FILM

SHOOTING PARTIES

John Simon

EUREKA! According to the *New York Times*'s Vincent Canby, we now have in *Prizzi's Honor* "the only other great movie of 1985," along with Woody Allen's *Purple Rose of Cairo*. That may be more greatness than this still relatively young year can bear. And let's remember that "eureka" is how a movie actor with a fake Italian accent would pronounce "you reek."

Actually, *Prizzi's Honor* doesn't reek; it is, just like *Purple Rose*, a mediocre film with delusions of grandeur, which make it slightly less than mediocre. It seems to be intended as a mordant satire on the Mafia, and, beyond that, American capitalism, and, beyond that, human nature, but it is too simplistic, too guarded, too farcical to be more than a modest entertainment with suppurating ambitions; I would love to know what Bertolt Brecht would have made of it, if someone could have coerced him to sit through its 130 minutes. *Prizzi's Honor* is based on a novel by Richard Condon, with a script by Condon and Janet Roach. Several novels by Condon have been made into movies—he is that kind of hack—most notably *The Manchurian Candidate*. But this one is no *Candidate*, not even a contender.

The director is John Huston, a man of genuine but uneven talent, whose besetting sin is a nonchalance that easily turns into indifference; when the project is *Beat the Devil*, Huston's slapdashness works perfectly. But he has done well with other kinds of films too, even as recently as *The Man Who Would Be King* (1975). Now 78, though, Huston has been showing increased nonchalance and diminished talent. For his latest films he has tended scarcely to rouse himself from his director's chair, a sedentariness particularly evident in *Annie* and *Under the Volcano*. If *Prizzi's Honor* shows rather more spirit than its immediate predecessors, it is wasted on material that never achieves the wildness and ruthlessness it requires.

Charley Partanna is the hit man for Brooklyn's Prizzi family, for which his shrewd, cynical father is the *consigliere*.

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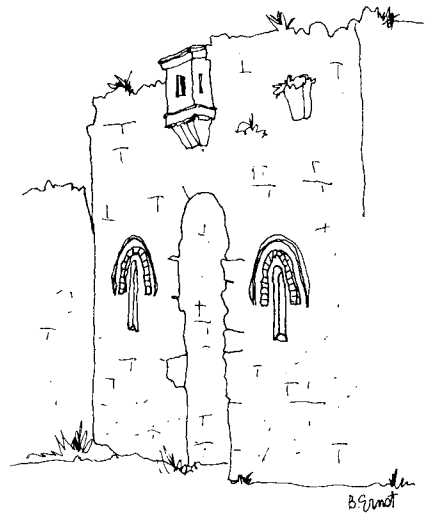
Don Corrado Prizzi has joined Charley's blood to his own in a solemn ceremony, and blood is thicker (but only just) than Charley's head, which follows the Prizzi orders to the bloody letter. The Don's sons are the irascible Dominic, in charge of the family business, and the smooth Eduardo, who heads the family law firm. Under the circumstances, it is unclear why a *consigliere* without consanguinity is needed, but as with the charge at Balaclava, so with much of this film, ours not to reason why. Charley was once engaged to Maerose, Dominic's daughter, who ran off with another man and was, as the family scandal, banished to Manhattan and interior decorating, for which, given her Brooklyn accent and non-U ways, she is ideally unsuited, but, again, remember Balaclava! At a Prizzi family wedding, Charley espies a beautiful blonde, and is instantaneously smitten.

Having tracked her down in California, he promptly flies out for lunch with her. Irene Walker turns out to be none of the fancy things her name, attire, and demeanor would suggest. She is, as she says, a "Polack" who changed her name; also, as she doesn't say, actively married, a participant in a major theft from a Vegas casino run by the Prizzis, and a hit man, or hit woman, whom the Prizzis hire when they need outside talent. Love blossoms between the two hit persons, and they marry, with Charley willing to overlook Irene's share in the theft, even as she sweetly overlooks his killing her husband. Were the film content with chronicling the fun and games of this respectably murderous pair, it could have been a fairly amusing blackish screwball comedy. But it isn't black enough—or, indeed, red enough, as shot people don't even bleed—and it tries to be a seriocomic comment on our society as well as a sendup of *The Godfather*, which is too much for its meager resources.

Most of the movie is taken up with purportedly comic double- and triple-crosses; according to Canby, also quadruple-crosses, but by that time I had lost track, comprehension, and interest. What is certain, and telegraphs itself, is that the Prizzis' honor will require Charley to dispose of Irene, who, however, is more disposed to have the gander in the sauce. The way the final conjugal showdown is written is particularly unconvincing, but it is clear

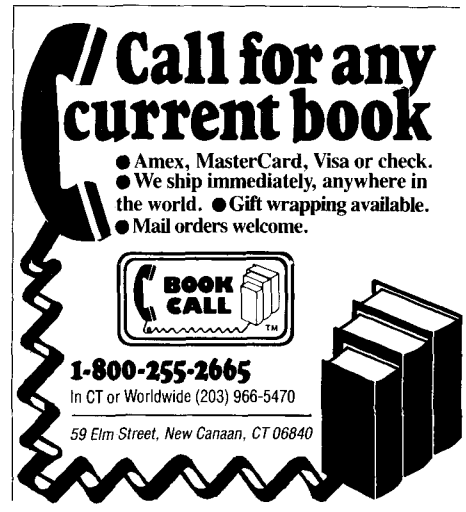


that this marriage of true shots must end in a modified love-death—call it a love-hate death. In fact, the way it is staged and photographed, it looks as if both spouses kicked the bucket—which I rather suspect of being the original ending, disallowed by elementary market research. As it is, Charley gets off scot-free, and even gets the murdered Dominic's job, as well as his daughter (though why Maerose, who spurned him in his prime, should pant after his protruding paunch and receding hairline remains unclear), while Irene gets it, literally, in the neck.

This ending strikes me, even in its ludicrous context, as dramatically unsatisfying, inordinately improbable, and sexist. It is a harsh, pseudo-moral judgment on the female of the species, who, in this film, is not deadlier than the male, only equally so and disproportionately punished. True, she is also a bit of a liar and cheat; but, as Maerose says to Charley, "Just because she's a thief and a hitter don't mean she ain't good in all other departments." And, once married to Charley, she is a perfect helpmeet or help hitter (even though Charley protests, "I didn't get married so my wife would go on woiking!") and doesn't commit any extramarital crimes—is, in fact, a square shooter. The difference in her destiny provides a rather rancid comedy with an indigestible close.

Whether one likes *Prizzi's Honor* depends largely on whether one likes lines like the ones I have quoted, or this apologia of Irene's: "I've been doing three or four hits a year. That may not be that many if you consider the population." I don't find any of that as funny as when, in the middle of a kidnapping-cum-murder, the spouses exchange this bit of stichomythia: "See you at dinner."—"Okay, dear." But where the Mafia should be treated with the blackest of gallows (Gallo?) humor, it gets sentimental-comedy treatment. This is particularly evident in William Hickey's Don Corrado, raved about by the reviewers who have not, like me, seen his appalling and never-changing stage performances, and have forgotten, or not realized, how bad he was in such screen outings as *Wise Blood*. Typically, Canby perceives Hickey as a "ferociously practical, wise, infinitely patient old Don"; whereas David Denby speaks of his "essential rattiness" and "enjoyment of evil [and] double-dealing [as] an end in itself." This seems to be contradictory, and a performance that is all things to all critics is not so much acting as a Rorschach blob. I am likewise unimpressed by the Irene of Kathleen Turner. Hailed by many reviewers as perhaps the funniest and surely the most gorgeously, steamily sexy Hollywood actress, she is, to me, competent by our screen standards and pretty from an angle or two—in repose and with ethereal lighting—but otherwise just another petty [*sic*] face.

Jack Nicholson, however, gives another of his highly accomplished, controlledly funny performances as Charley, and, as Maerose, Anjelica Huston, who previously always looked like the star's girlfriend or director's daughter, comes across, at last, as an actress. The supporting cast is solid, and Andrzej Bartkowiak, though he tends to mistake his camera too often for a Dutch genre painter's palette, delivers some piquant sombernesses. Alex North's score recycles Italian opera appropriately but predictably, and Huston's direction is sparing but at least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not lethargic. How happy the spirit of Will H. Hays must be! Whatever American films have gained in sexual freedom, they have more than lost through social and political restrictions: The word Mafia is not mentioned once.

I DON'T MUCH LIKE novels such as Isabel Colegate's *The Shooting Party*, set in the England of 1913 from the vantage point of 1980. With impeccable hindsight, the end of an era and social order is postdicted down to the last detail as a mealy-mouthed Janus face enlightenedly ridicules the past it nostalgically resurrects. Everything is glib—down to the self-satisfied references to Meredith and Ruskin—yet is meant to be counterbalanced with tons of vatic prescience. The film version, written by British TV's latest golden boy, Julian Bond (*Upstairs, Downstairs*, *The Duchess of Duke Street*, and C. P. Snow's *Strangers and Brothers*, insufferable in both media), was directed by Alan Bridges (*The Hireling*, *The Return of the Soldier*), with his characteristic obsession with social distinctions and injustices, and cavalier disdain for narrative logic and comprehensibility.

The central metaphor is the shooting party on Sir Randolph Nettleby's estate, where pheasants drop like flies while the upper classes disport themselves in various disreputable ways and the lower orders ape or defy them with equal hopelessness. This was done much better in Renoir's *Rules of the Game*, and even in *Almost a Man* by Vittorio de Seta. The thud of pheasants plummeting to earth is one of the saddest sounds in the world, but mere facile pathos if unearned by the rest of the work. There are *some* good things here. The reform-minded but not radical

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

NEVER IN HISTORY has the subject of human rights been so promiscuously indulged in as at present, and yet behind the global orgy lies a startling innocence: Hardly anyone can offer a coherent explanation of how these "rights" are conceived and afterward secured, the most common answers provided by international folk wisdom being that they are either delivered by the stork or manufactured in test tubes by academicians in white lab coats.

It is in the interest of dispelling error and focusing the brilliant light of empirical truth upon a subject shrouded in darkness and superstition that Robert A. Goldwin and William A. Schambra have edited an interesting volume called *How Does the Constitution Secure Rights?* (American Enterprise Institute, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $5.95) in which six contributors of differing or complementary persuasions tackle this complex, intriguing, and misunderstood subject. All six essays are intelligent and unusually well-written, even the one or two that tend in my opinion toward wrongheadedness being, in unexpected ways, illuminating.

The first two articles, by Robert A. Rutland and the late Herbert J. Storing respectively, deal chiefly with the historical context of the Framing of the Constitution, from which Rutland draws the somewhat morose conclusion that, whereas the Bill of Rights at the time of its ratification had the power of vigorous public sentiment behind it, it now has public apathy. Storing argues that while the Bill "provides a fitting close to the parenthesis around the Constitution that the preamble opens . . . the substance is a design of government with powers to act and a structure arranged to make it act wisely and responsibly. It is in that design, not in its preamble or its epilogue, that the security of American civil and political liberty lies."

In agreement with him is the distinguished scholar and writer Walter Berns, whose essay "The Constitution as a Bill of Rights" is one of the best pieces I have read on the subject. Taking rather feisty issue with Senator Birch Bayh's hackneyed description of the Bill of Rights as "the very foundation of America's free and democratic society," Berns proceeds to argue that "if Bayh is right, the Framers were wrong"; that "They [the Framers] expected the Constitution, even without amendments, to 'secure the rights with which all men are by nature endowed.'" Reminding us that between 1789 and 1925 (the date of *Gitlow* v. *New York*) the "Bill of Rights played almost no role in securing rights," not having yet been incorporated by the courts into the Fourteenth Amendment, he shows how the Framers sought to encourage the formation of legislative majorities through increased social and economic diversification (accomplished to a great extent by the individual pursuit of material happiness), which in turn would prevent the country from becoming polarized on overriding moral issues. To a large extent, Berns believes, they were successful: "What government can promise, if it is organized properly, is that rights can be secured, by which I mean the natural right to be governed only with one's consent. Under the Constitution's system of representative government, this becomes the right to be part of a governing majority."

Berns is caustic on the subject of "judicially created rights" (of the proposed Equal Rights Amendment he observes, "For the first time in almost two hundred years, a constitutional provision would not specify *the substance* [my italics] of the right or rights being secured"), putting himself at odds thereby with Owen M. Fiss, who argues ("Two Models of Adjudication") that "Rights are not premises, but conclusions": that is to say, moral conclusions, drawn from the Constitution not according to the intent of its Framers but in furtherance of the "values" perceived there, from which modern equivalents may be intuited and in fact must be, if "rights" are to keep pace with circumstances and expectations. Although Fiss's arguments seem to me to be constructed on a false premise —namely that all "values" related to original laws partially embodying them may themselves be seen as laws-in-cocoon—nevertheless his explication of "structural reform" is the most rationally coherent one I know of.

Finally, worthy of special mention is Nathan Tarcov's "American Constitutionalism and Individual Rights," which has many useful things to say about the differences between the U.S. Constitution and those of the so-called emerging countries, most or many of them based on racial and "nationalistic" categories, as well as on the dangerous notion of rights "to have things done or given to one" rather than "rights to do" or "rights not to have done." □

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Nettleby (a meltingly beautiful performance, James Mason's last) comforting a poacher and beater accidentally shot and dying (finely played by Gordon Jackson) is memorable stuff.

Even better, though far too brief, is the scene where John Gielgud, as an anti-hunting fanatic, carries a protest poster and leaflets right through the line of fire. He is chatted up by Sir Randolph, who is writing his dissenting memoirs and asks for the name and address of Gielgud's excellent, cheap printer. Surrounded by impatient hunters, these two cerebral eccentrics exchange meticulous trivia, and the film (like the book) comes to fleeting but unforgettable life. The rest is routine stuff, with such elder actors as Robert Hardy, Dorothy Tutin, and Edward Fox doing well, while the younger ones, save Cheryl Campbell, fall woefully behind trying to be Edwardian gentry—a more telling demonstration of what *The Shooting Party* is about than anything in the film itself. □

TELEVISION

SOAP AND SYMPATHY

Aram Bakshian Jr.

YOU'RE A better man than I am, Lynda Hirsch . . . or should I say person? At any rate, Miss Hirsch's superiority is one of the few solid conclusions this writer has reached after spending several weeks immersed in television soap operas. Truth to tell, while the immersion was six weeks long, it was only toe deep. All 14 of the current major network soaps—at least to this jaded viewer—proved so trite, tasteless, and predictable that it was physically impossible to watch any episode for more than a few minutes at a time. Hence my respect for, and gratitude to, the aforesaid Lynda Hirsch. The Saint-Simon of soaps, this worthy lady, with a reckless disregard for her digestion and peace of mind, chronicles the weekly outbreaks of love, lust, and larceny on, to list them in alphabetical order, *All My Children*, *Another World*, *As the World Turns*, *Capitol*, *Days of Our Lives*, *General Hospital*, *Guiding Light*, *Loving*, *One Life to Live*, *Rituals*, *Ryan's Hope*, *Santa Barbara*, *Search for Tomorrow*,

and *The Young and the Restless* (the latter, given the amount of partial nudity it indulges in, might better be called *The Young and the Dressless*).

Carried, courtesy of the News-American Syndicate, by Sunday papers across the country, Miss Hirsch's soapy synopses, while mainly intended for fans who have missed an episode or two, provide excellent source material for the social scholar. Just as browsing through a 1904 Sears Roebuck catalogue tells us more about how average Americans of the period lived and what they wanted than any number of Henry James novels, so Lynda Hirsch's new, improved concentrated summaries of who is doing what to whom in Soapland are a much more reliable guide to popular contemporary morals and manners than the combined works of Updike, Vonnegut, and Vidal. This because the biggest economic and social bloc in modern America is not the Yuppies but the Cluppies (Upwardly Mobile Clods), that great, semi-washed lower middle class that pays most of our taxes, fights most of our wars, and watches most of our commercial programming. Nothing better reflects, albeit in a distorted fun-house mirror, changing Cluppy tastes and abiding Cluppy obsessions than the soaps.

In an age when most neighborhoods are transient and most families scattered, the soaps have replaced clan and community gossip. What Cluppies once saw through the keyhole they now see on the TV screen. And because the daytime audience is mostly housewives and teenagers, the perspective is both feminine and adolescent, a mixture of tabloid romanticism and pimply passion that shows itself in everything from the props and plot lines to the all too imperfect (but all the more plausible) complexions of many of the juvenile leads. Six weeks of soap-sampling exposed this viewer to more wens, warts, moles, zits, and botched nose jobs than a lifetime of moviegoing. To this extent, the soaps represent physical if not social realism.

What of the thoughts and feelings behind the heartbreak of acne? Again, while extravagant and slightly upmarket of their viewers, most soap characters live an unpleasantly recognizable caricature of real life: greed, illness, love, lust, voyeurism, and an ongoing struggle between good and evil. And, unlike even the most serious of evening television dramas, the soaps, like the real world, live things one day at a time. Occasionally all of the absurd elements come together, as when, in a recent episode of *Loving* (as chronicled by Miss Hirsch), "Jonathon, posing as Keith, takes Gwyn to bed." Understandably, this leads Gwyn to conclude that Keith is "a changed man," while, unbeknownst to her, "the real Keith continues to be trapped in the basement."

Meanwhile, in a neighboring series, *Santa Barbara*, while no one was locked in the cellar, a corpse was coming out of the closet. It seems that electronic surveillance is almost as popular in Santa Barbara as it used to be in San Clemente, for, "viewing tapes," heroine Santana discovers that the murdered object of her affections, Channing, was gay. Nor had the bugging ended with the bugger since, later the same week, "Cruz spots Marcello fiddling with an electronic box," which the latter lamely claims is an air-conditioning unit.

Happily, most inmates of contemporary Soapland still make love the old-fashioned way, the result being frequent pregnancies, and tangled ones at that. Thus, in May on *Guiding Light*, shortly after Billy regained consciousness and told H. B. about "Reva and Kyle's action in the Idaho barn," Fletcher and Ed realized that the latter was the real father of Claire's baby and jointly decided to keep the truth from Claire and Maureen because Fletcher planned "to raise the child as his own." A few weeks later we learn the valuable lesson that drinking and parenting don't mix, when Fletcher confesses to Claire that "Ed, not he, is the baby's biological father," and Ed, driven to drink by this revelation, "is unable to get through to AA for help."

Simultaneously, on *As the World Turns*, Marie having become pregnant, Kevin decides to help her through what Miss Hirsch delicately describes as "this difficult time." But—oh what a tangled web!—to do so he has to tell "the shattered Frannie that he must leave Oakdale."

In such a topsy-turvy world, it is truly a wise child that knows its own

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father; uncertainty is the order of the week, if not of the day. Thus, in a single five-day orgy of fear and loathing last May on *All My Children*, we found that Cliff "fears that Nina needs professional help," while Tad "fears" for Mickey's life, Bob "fears Hillary still loves Tad" and in addition, "fearfull of losing Hillary, lyingly claims he's still dying" of one of Soapland's omnipresent terminal illnesses.

Yet through all of the adultery, deceit, greed, and, above all, drudgery, the good characters strive to stay good, the waverers vacillate between good and evil, and the bounders—unless they are too popular to be written out of the series—usually end up in jail, disrepute, or the morgue. This crude but real ethical struggle beneath the tawdry triteness has led at least one serious commentator, black columnist William Raspberry, to conclude that, since housewives, children, and nitwits are bound to watch rubbishy television of one sort or another anyway, given the available alternatives, the soaps may be the rubbish of preference. As he recently wrote in the *Washington Post*:

> Good habits take as long to build as bad ones. It is not enough to make a good decision once. You have to keep making good decisions, and keep renewing your resolve every time you slip . . . This, for all its pervasive immorality and too-explicit sex, is what *All My Children* —and perhaps the other "soaps" as well —makes clear . . . Good character seldom comes in single road-to-Damascus flashes but results from the long, hard habit of making good choices, again and again.

The Young and the Restless could choose a far worse Guiding Light As the World Turns through The Days of Our Lives and we Search for Tomorrow on the way to Another World. □

THE GIMLET EYE

THE VIETNAM VETERANS' PARADE

D. Keith Mano

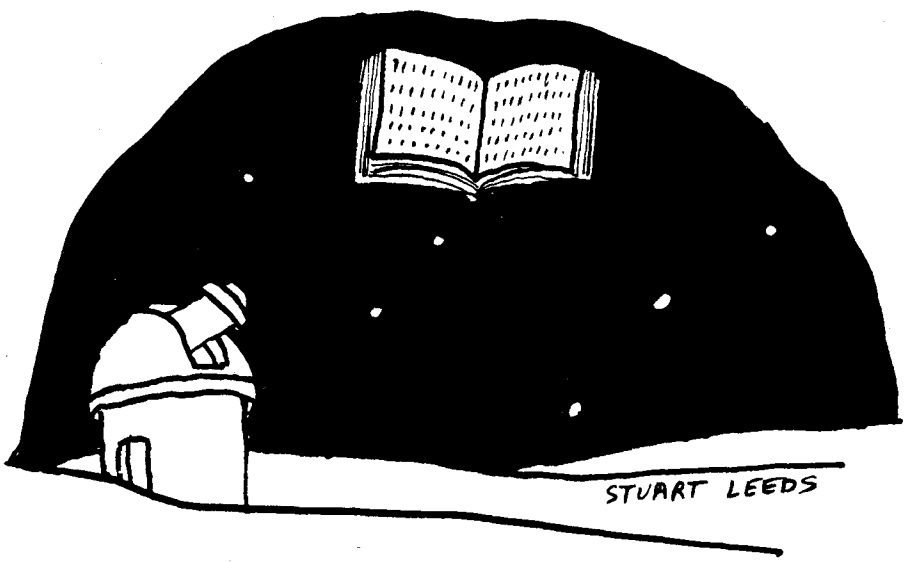
IN TEN YEARS how much human fluid can drip through a catheter tube? How far will the missing leg dreamwalk, jerked by some nostalgic nerve-end? What is your interest, compounded hourly, on bitterness or shame? They have been here, not in Hanoi, all this time. The American prisoners of war.

I stood behind a police line, across from City Hall, and thought—it was my first response—good God, how old they look. Hair defoliated. Reflex-shot. Many hip-thick and slow as professional house-sitters. How could it be—just last Tuesday or so this was the capitalist war machine. Tough to visualize that leap from a hot LZ in full gear now. Or anyone walking point, alert, through the closet space of dense jungle growth. Yet, add it up, 25-year-old jarheads at Da Nang in 1967 would be 43, would be my age, now. There is an Agent Grey, I think.

Police, fire, sanitation, court: thousands, apparently, went right from one uniform to another. Postmen who still duck incoming mail. Platoons, whole brigades of civil service. But there is a fair New York Stock Exchange contingent as well: attaché case and Rolex, catching the 6:30 commuter special to Quang Tri. Electrical, iron, sheet-metal workers. FBI (booed). Black Vets for Social Justice. You can break it down by race, occupation, state, borough, even sex and sex preference. At least three hundred women, a ladies' auxiliary of war. Not to mention the gay representation (surely no combat force, maybe Sparta, has paraded that). About a third of the marchers wear vintage costume: camouflage paisley and river-rat blackface. Most, however, dress as though they had served, T-shirt and Puma, in some Far Eastern bowling league. Which is apt enough: if ever a war got fought in mufti, moral and strategic, Vietnam was it.

The mood is nervous-genial. As of in-laws meeting one hour before an unexpected and miscegenetic marriage. We applaud each squad—good old fighting Westchester County, CWA local, state of Maine. And often they respond, "Thank you. Thank you for coming down." Somewhere, I read later, an effigy of Jane Fonda got burned. But in the parade itself I saw just one political statement: WE DIDN'T LOSE IT, CONGRESS DID. How can they not retch disgust up? I remember heaving an ashtray against my bedroom wall the night Saigon fell. Walter Cronkite had done his Vietnam retrospective: clip after clip of "American involvement," chopper and half-track and B-52. Then here comes pastoral, rice-planting North Vietnam with sophisticated rocket and tank—not one word from Cronkite, not *one*, about "Soviet involvement." I rang up CBS the next day. "Oh, Russian support? We thought that was understood." The sneaking, double-hearted whore.

Ticker tape has begun to flock down. What other nation, tell me, would throw garbage at its heroes? An artificial weather and decidedly beautiful. Trees seem in blown sleet. One imperious strip is connecting a police horse to the tenth story above. Four hundred sixty-eight tons of wastepaper: it will descend, tumbleweed size, pixie-dot size, capitalism in bit and piece. The legless vet from Long Island is covered with foreign entanglements of it. One million people are watching. Twenty-five thousand marchers, more than ever before in a New York ticker-tape parade. But you can't outnumber the past. Politicians like the hideous Andy Stein shuffle paper underfoot. Most



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were, I'd guess, pro-Hanoi in 1971: They presume to walk now beside 22 Congressional Medal of Honor winners. And the shrapnel-bent. And sad, foreshortened amputees. And those who never drew NVA fire, but put up with sweat on their requisition sheet, Oriental fungi, and a daily hate memo from home. I recall that narcotic snow falling in *The Wizard of Oz*. Confetti has half filled my vest pocket up.

When last I had paper thrown at me there was PRETEND THIS IS NAPALM written on it. 1966 or 1967—my mind has become wide-mesh cheesecloth—who here can recall the year when Cousin Andrew, a Pacific vet, and I and every bare majorette thigh and Kiwanis rishi through creation marched along Fifth Avenue to honor our men in Vietnam? Paper napalm came down, but otherwise antiwar people got real quiet. There were so many of us, we would've turn them into pesto. At the time our march made any previous Vietnik demo look like a Gurdjieff therapy session. It was Middle America Day. Then back to riding mower and truck stop and aerobic dance class. They would beat us finally with repetition, superior theater, and much more free time. And Walter Cronkite shooting himself in the foot morally day after day.

But then, as now, it was American soldiers we honored. Not the war. And this morning it is agreed that no one will speak about that *place*. We loathe Vietnam—not just for the death, maiming, and general foreignness—but because it made us uncivil to each other. The antiwar movement understood this: that Americans, most of all, are an amiable people and need to be liked. As for desolate Saigon—and why are there no ARVN vets marching with us now?—it couldn't keep house, meet a payroll, make fast food, whatever, and didn't deserve us. Especially boat people and men in re-education camps, they didn't deserve us.

Vets wave up, into the confetti. And—it is more than after-winter—I see a prison pallor on them. These 25,000 have done time: ten years in internal exile for the crime of being loyal. Now we've chosen to reduce sentence—parole on condition they never speak well of the Vietnam War in public again. And I think about my friend, Steve Maguire, blinded by a Vietcong booby trap. Last I heard he was eyeless in Europe, hounded out of America years ago by anti-soldier sentiment. You can come back now, Steve, we pardon you. Though I'll understand if you give me a middle finger. And tell us all to take one long flying leap at the moon. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

With All Disrespect: More Uncivil Liberties, by Calvin Trillin (Ticknor & Fields, 230 pp., $14.95)

THE QUESTION IS: Can a conservative laugh at a column in a pinko magazine like *The Nation* if the columnist is intending to be funny? The answer is: Theoretically, no; but in the case of Calvin Trillin, yes. Trillin proves the rule because, in the fine tradition of Robert Benchley, he is so bewildered. His entire political philosophy seems to be summed up in the phrase, "It's too soon to tell." Sure, he made Reaganites angry with his revelation that Nancy Reagan was called Bubbles in high school, but that essay seemed motivated more by his keen journalistic instincts than by any ideological fervor. His critics on the Left point to his periodic forgetfulness of the anguish suffered by the Scottsboro Boys and his unwillingness to change his name to Ethel Rosenberg. It was Trillin, after all, who brilliantly lampooned East Coast media bias by penning the hypothetical *New York Daily News* headline, "Snow Storm Slams City; Blacks, Jews Suffer Most." It's slim pickings for conservatives looking for humor these days. All the regular columnists who are strictly humorists—Trillin, Russell Baker, Art Buchwald, Fran Lebowitz, Mark Russell, Anthony Lewis—are liberal. Of the group, Trillin is the least reverent toward liberal pieties, and, not coincidentally, he is the funniest. Why, then, does he write in *The Nation*? Maybe he wants to keep his humor a secret. More likely, he's a CIA plant. DAVID BROOKS

Japan's Commercial Empire, by Jon Woronoff (M. E. Sharpe, 415 pp., $30 hardcover, $14.95 paperback)

IT IS OFTEN said that the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere that Japan fought to establish in the war has by now been more firmly established in its satellite countries through trade and investment than could ever have been done through military domination. Jon Woronoff presents an even-handed treatment of Japan's overseas investments and business strategies. The Japanese resort to offshore production for both domestic and foreign-policy reasons: in the first category, to "export pollution" and find disciplined low-wage labor (not found in laidback Australia, but abundant in uptight Singapore and South Korea); in the second, to foil protectionism against goods made by "Japan, Inc." This latter point is aptly illustrated by South Korea's Masan Export Processing Zone, where the bulk of investment has been from Japan, and virtually all export sales are to the U.S. or Europe. Japanese investments have been concentrated, first and foremost, in the "Gang of Four" countries (Taiwan, Korea, Hong Kong, and Singapore), where some businessmen still speak Japanese and most operate with a strong sense of the Confucian Ethic, according to Woronoff. A docile and nimble labor supply can also be found in Malaysia and Thailand, particularly among female employees (enjoyed by the Japanese businessmen; described as both "rapacious economic animals" and "sex maniacs" by the author), and to a lesser extent in the Philippines and Indonesia. The "British disease" of recalcitrant labor unions and surly workers has infected both Canada and Australia, making them less attractive recipients of Japanese capital than either the U.S. or Brazil. In most cases, the recipients need foreign technology and capital a good deal more than the investors need their markets, suggesting that anti-Japanese sentiments (as exemplified by the Tanaka Riots in Thailand and Indonesia in the mid-1970s) will probably subside. While primarily journalistic (though a little light on up-to-date facts and statistics, and marred by sloppy editing), this is a good book deserving a careful reading by any beginning student of Japan. The author avoids both "Jap-bashing" and an overly reverent attitude toward the Japanese, who, although they have been very successful in rebuilding their economy during the past forty years, have often suffered from serious cost overruns and poor judgment in making foreign-investment decisions (as their current $35-billion surplus in merchandise trade with the U.S. demonstrates).

GEORGE J. VIKSNINS

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ARE WE OR AREN'T WE SAFE?

NEW YORK, JUNE 3

WALTER MONDALE silted through to the public as the peacenik during the major part of his campaign for the Presidency. True, he tried to correct this, and in his second debate with Mr. Reagan he sounded like Custer's Last Stand. He came out against sharing any of our technology with the Soviet Union, against further overtures to Fidel Castro, against any unverifiable agreements with the Soviet Union—and for a 4 per cent real increase in the federal budget for defense. Reagan saw him and raised him 2 per cent: and carried 49 states. Now we are wondering whether Congress will give us merely the inflationary increase. And the big shift in the public mood is largely the result of the chiseling of the defense contractors, who have, on the whole, done about as much to discredit the enterprise of national defense as Soviet spies could have done.

Mr. Reagan is talking gratefully now about a vote on MX-missile deployment that, had Jimmy Carter endorsed it in the closing days of his campaign, would have ignited Mr. Reagan, who would have campaigned across the country like Paul Revere, railing against this weakening of our defenses.

It pays to reiterate the evolution of programs like the MX, which we are engaged in decomposing. During the late Seventies, the massive offensive nuclear arming of the Soviet Union, capped by its SS-20s, persuaded even reluctant defense spenders in the Pentagon that we needed most urgently to do something about it. It was then that the Carter Administration came forward with the MX missile, a missile accurate enough to pop into any given chimney in the Kremlin, and free of the bugs that inevitably accrete on missiles twenty years old and older, on which we continue to rely. The idea then was to keep those two hundred missiles on the move, in order to eliminate, first, the temptation of the Soviet Union to strike out against them; second, the capability of the Soviet Union to take them out, given the peripatetic deployment contemplated.

That was the plan inherited by Ronald Reagan when he was sworn in. But there was great political opposition in the most feasible area for deploying these movable silos, and in due course it became plain that the Administration didn't want to buck the states of Utah, Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming. So for a brief period, it came up with the idea of deploying them in clusters, the proposition being that an offensive missile's explosion would in such circumstances leave unscarred the balance of the cluster, good then for retaliatory action. But that theory sort of went away, and then the usual commission was commissioned, this one under General Scowcroft, to come up with alternative ideas. Those ideas were to reduce the number of missiles to one hundred, and to install them in reinforced silos. Active, and latent, enemies of the MX went into action here and insisted on two points, the first, that no fortification conceivable would be strong enough to protect an MX from a direct hit. The second, that the mere existence of stationary MX missiles whose exact coordinates would be known to the Soviet Union would constitute an invitation to the Soviet Union to knock them out.

So that we are now reduced to a vote for fifty MXs, with a lot of seasoned people saying that it is unlikely we'll ever see a single MX missile. Those who believe that in all matters of national defense we should take no chances will wish that Jimmy Carter's system of two hundred mobile MX missiles had gone through, greatly to be preferred to Mr. Reagan's upcoming scarecrows.

THE SHIFT in the national mood reflects such items as charging the government $400 for a bucket, and heaven knows how many hundreds of thousands of dollars for gifts to key military personnel, plus, one supposes, plenty of wine, women, and song.

Now these excesses, in particular when done by such prestigious concerns as General Electric, and General Dynamics, continue to shock uncallused sensibilities. It is right that they should, but absolutely wrong to punish the malefactors by punishing ourselves. If we discover that a submarine maker has been charging the DOD for Ferris wheels for the children of its vice presidents, we have got to come up with a more plausible way of punishing these malversators than by launching fewer submarines than we need.

We are caught up now in the tax and budget business. But the Commander-in-Chief (his most solemn responsibility) needs to do everything he can to tell us why it is that we can be safe with strategic arrangements he was denouncing as less than safe day before yesterday. □

LESSONS LEARNED–I

NEW YORK, MAY 27

IT IS HEALTHY, however painful the exercise, for pundits to examine, as the evolution of history requires, their record up against unfolding developments. I have become convinced, in the past fortnight, that the government of Argentina, during 1976 and 1977 (and perhaps for a year later), was being run by morally disgusting people. At the time this was going on, I was briefly in Buenos Aires, and—I now have reason to believe—I inclined to the wrong assumptions. January of 1977, which was when I visited there, was during the height of the turmoil. My host, the United States ambassador, the late John Hill, had 72 personal bodyguards to protect him against the terrorists who publicly proclaimed their intention to kidnap or kill him. American businessmen were being routinely kidnapped, and some of them were fetching $10 million in ransom from American firms.

But let me give you a flavor of how life in Buenos Aires was, back during the period now being examined at the public trial of Argentine military defendants; and, at home, by *60 Minutes* and other media reporters on the grisly fate of some of the dissidents against the government headed by General Videla and his coadjutors Admiral Massera and General Agosti . . .

I wrote on arriving in Buenos Aires, "Yesterday, a dear young thing, third-year student in psychology at the university, a businessman's daughter who had ingratiated herself with the local police chief, left a package on his desk which in due course exploded, killing the chief, his assistant, and wounding several others in the area, including an 11-year-old boy."

That kind of terrorism, regimes whether democratic or nondemocratic of course resist, and do so muscularly. The big question, during the next period, was as mor-

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ally simple as this: Was the government of General Videla engaged in counter-terrorism in defensible ways? Or—as was being charged by his critics—was his government engaged in a violent counter-terrorism of the kind that scooped up innocent people, and simply—did away with them? Much as Stalin might have done?

So how does an American journalist, seeking the informed answer to such a question, proceed?

I had working for me the advantage of a scheduled interview on television with Jorge Luis Borges. He was—is—as I wrote at the time, "arguably the best living writer in the world." A lot of morally callous people can be fine writers, but Borges isn't in the class of the Soviet Union's Sholokhov: Borges was persecuted by the Argentine dictator Perón for protesting Perón's despotism. So that when I was with the venerable, blind genius, I asked whether he had formed a position on the burning question of whether the ruling junta in Argentina comprised three bloodthirsty tyrants. His reply was: "They are gentlemen."

In political matters, intellectuals are more often mistaken than not, but such a testimonial, from such an observer, is worth recording. And I was influenced by Borges.

And then there was something else of singular importance, given the huge, and correct, importance being attached during the past ten days to the testimony of Robert Cox. He was in those days the valiant editor of an English-language newspaper, the *Buenos Aires Herald*, devoted to telling the truth as its English-born editor saw the truth. A year or two later, Cox left Argentina, telling the world that he could no longer risk his safety or that of his family remaining there as a critic of the junta. But shortly before this journalist was in Buenos Aires attempting to form an enlightened judgment on the junta, Robert Cox published an editorial highly relevant to attempting to answer the question at hand. It focused on certain conspicuous critics of the Argentine junta who were appearing in Washington asking for U.S. sanctions against Argentina:

"It's not difficult to see why 'human rights' crusaders have got themselves a bad name," said Robert Cox, who last week lauded (correctly) the Carter Administration for its anti-junta efforts. "Just take a look at two of the people who testified before the congressional hearings in Washington conducted by Representative Donald Fraser.

"Gustavo Roca, the Argentine lawyer who identified himself as the head of the 'Argentine Committee on Human Rights' when he appeared before the U.S. congressman, is better known in Argentina as the editor of a scurrilous magazine which jubilantly reported assassinations and even carried a report by one group of killers who gloatingly told how they carried out a particularly barbarous murder. Lucio Garzón Maceda, a lawyer associated with the self-styled 'classicist' unions in Cordoba, was another apostle of violence while he was in Argentina. With witnesses like these, what possible use can the hearings serve?" Exactly the correct question. □

LESSONS LEARNED–II

NEW YORK, MAY 29

THE QUESTION before the house is how a journalist can learn from experience, in this case the experience of having explored the crisis in Argentina in January 1977, walking away from it with the judgment, however cautiously expressed, that the ruling junta wasn't engaged in sadistic mass killings of innocents. Well, the evidence of the past few weeks, at the public trial in Buenos Aires, unquestionably documents that several thousand persons, including people as innocent as newborn infants, were rounded up by agents of the junta, and: destroyed. How can journalists, seeking the truth, come upon it?—in a semi-closed society, which describes that of Argentina in 1976, under the triumvirate headed by General Videla?

I wrote in this column, in February 1977: "My own judgment is that the Inter-American Commission is justified in declaring that human rights in Argentina are not being rigorously respected. Such a finding is, simply, noncontroversial." I then urged that sanctions not be adopted against the Videla government, on the grounds that they would be counter-effective. But witnesses over the past few days have proclaimed that quite the contrary was the case: that the advertisement, by American agencies official and non-official, of the plight of missing persons (they were called, in Argentina and elsewhere in Latin America, "*los desaparecidos*") as often as not had concrete results. Pressure was felt by the criminal abductors. The man scheduled for execution was, often, merely kept in jail; the carelessly detained were sometimes let go. The point here is that loud, voluble protests helped. Or seemed to do so in the Argentine situation.

I was burned years ago by the Greek colonels. I was persuaded that the allegations of torture leveled against them were exaggerated. Well, in fact they were exaggerated. But they were not without substance, and that, in retrospect, proved the more important point. On reviewing my own reporting on the Greek colonels, I resolved never again presumptively to believe official spokesmen where there was no free press to question their representations.

But in Buenos Aires, in 1977, there was a free press. Still, where I thought the charges exaggerated, they appear not to have been. And certainly it is established that the triumvirate headed by General Videla was not one properly characterized, as was done at the time by Jorge Luis Borges, the great and sensitive author, as one of "gentlemen."

What does one conclude about it all, if one feels keenly the responsibility to write, to the readers of newspaper columns, the truth?

1. Unhappily, nothing comes out of the experience that can be thought of as conclusive. It is not possible to know the extent to which counter-terrorist activity can be fine-tuned, sufficient to overcome the terrorist, but stopping short of gratuitous acts against innocent, or conceivably innocent, parties. Israel is forever involved in attempting to draw that fine, elusive line, never satisfying everyone.

2. The background of the country being examined needs to figure in the reckoning. Unhappily, the record in Argentina is utterly dismal. Whereas before the Second World War the society was marching in huge, impressive strides toward affluence and civil liberties, under Perón it went in for a drunkard's spree of demagoguery, despoliation of national assets, and the worship of autocrats closer to the model of Caligula, than of Franco.

3. The Anglo-Saxon presumption that democracy will "happen" when a country becomes sated with civil war and inflation and anarchy is romantic. What finally deposited Argentina back into democracy (which may yet prove short-lived) was the crisis of the Falkland Islands; not lectures from the State Department's human-rights division. The correlation between democracy and human rights is shaky. Shaky not because human rights aren't more secure when government is democratic (they are), but because democratic governments are very fragile; and if they fail, which they regularly do in Latin America, what then happens is the suppression not only of democracy, but of human rights: more, or less—depending on the character of the government.

Beware, then, of hasty judgments. But always incline to listen more to putative victims, than to putative liberators. □

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

MASSACHUSETTS PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, sincere, probably conservative, divorced, 45, very much misses caring and sharing with a special man. I'm interested in books, music, movies, theater, the outdoors, great times with good friends. Write NR Box 4116.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

THOMAS SOWELL:

Uses of Government

Consistently ineffective or counterproductive actions, from minimum-wage laws to housing regulations, suggest inherent limitations on what government can achieve. These have generally been limitations of knowledge rather than power.

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HEARTFELT THANKS to my wife, Peggy, for 37 challenging years of happiness as of July 17, 1985. Love, Bob.

NORTH CAROLINA LADY, 39, enjoys tennis, art, concerts, seeks lasting relationship. Write NR Box 4115.

ROCHESTER-BASED MAN, 30, classical-music buff who also likes golf, baseball, and old movies, desires contact with like-minded young woman. Write NR Box 4104.

SINCERE WHITE CHRISTIAN MALE, 42, professional, desires to meet Christian woman with humor who is interested in a loving, supportive relationship. NYC area. Send photo; photo assures response. Write NR Box 4108.

LESS-THAN-PERFECT Midwest gentleman interested in communicating with less-than-perfect females. Interests varied: politics, writing, travel. Write NR Box 4105.

CATHOLIC WOMAN WITH SPUNK, not to say chutzpah; fond of cats, beaches, dancehalls, country jaunts, peaceful pro-life work, and strong-minded men, seeks charming 40ish version of the latter. Write NR Box 4093.

WEST AFRICAN MALE, 24, committed Christian, 5'6", interested in bicycling, writing, attending Christian programs. Would like to correspond with a witty, warm-hearted, sensitive single American lady, black or white. Write NR Box 4095.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS through correspondence. Information: Send stamp. Friendships Unlimited, Box 350, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

N.Y. WOMAN, tallish, blondish, kind of conservative, rather Catholic, laughs a lot; much averse to Walkmans, MTV, Mario Cuomo, and wearing sneakers with business suits. Seeks smart, straightforward city dweller, 30ish, similarly disinclined. Write NR Box 4118.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Former first stop for many new Americans (2 words) — 99 78 147 33 94 60 6 19 48 120 / 109

B. State of confusion, especially for Elmer! — 112 16 104 79 64 86 50 142 1 126 / 96 36

C. Repetitive city in Washington — 122 26 140 62 146 45 14 106 77 95

D. Lengthy parking lots, near some cities — 83 114 11 59 32 23 65 145

E. Restrains — 71 108 37 141 117 27 82 61

F. Boardwalk confection — 128 100 25 51 2

G. American novelist (1862-1937) (full name) — 53 97 4 74 41 29 123 63 130 15 / 20 88

H. Virgo's time — 76 111 121 93 17 40

I. Without mincing words — 98 113 144 69 34

J. A gift to the church — 124 24 67 118 5 103 43 89

K. Serviceable — 137 85 13 70 101 49

L. Nickname of our ninth President — 7 38 139 138 116 47 87 72 129 22

M. Intense blaze caused by a nuclear explosion — 3 42 80 131 143 102 56 28 115

N. Tire types — 52 30 135 68 107 148 127

O. Guarantee the *outcome* — 75 9 39 105 91 54

P. SO I VEER (anagram) — 90 12 66 132 119 21 46

Q. Scarcity of supply — 10 81 133 125 58 35

R. Pindar was one — 92 55 73 136 18

S. Gathering together — 57 8 110 31 84 134 44

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

■	■	■	■	■	■	1 B	2 F	■	3 M	4 G	5 J	6 A	7 L	■		
8 S	9 O	10 Q	■	11 D	12 P	13 K	14 C	15 G	16 B	17 H	18 R	■	19 A	20 G		
21 P	22 L	■	23 D	24 J	25 F	26 C	27 E	28 M	■	29 G	30 N	31 S	■	32 D		
33 A	34 I	35 Q	■	36 B	37 E	38 L	39 O	■	40 H	41 G	42 M	43 J	44 S	■		
45 C	46 P	■	47 L	48 A	49 K	50 B	■	51 F	52 N	53 G	54 O	55 R	56 M	57 S		
■	58 Q	59 D	60 A	61 E	■	62 C	63 G	64 B	65 D	■	66 P	67 J	■	68 N		
69 I	70 K	71 E	72 L	73 R	74 G	75 O	■	76 H	77 C	78 A	79 B	80 M	81 Q	■		
82 E	83 D	84 S	85 K	■	86 B	87 L	88 G	89 J	90 P	91 O	92 R	93 H	94 A	■		
95 C	96 B	97 G	■	98 I	99 A	100F	101K	102M	103J	104B	105D	106C	■	107N		
108E	109A	■	110S	111H	112B	113I	114D	115M	116L	■	117E	118J	119P	120A		
121H	■	122C	123G	124J	■	125Q	126B	127N	128F	129L	130G	131M	132P	■		
133Q	134S	135N	■	136R	137K	138L	139L	140C	141E	142B	143M	■	144I	145D		
■	146C	147A	148N	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■		

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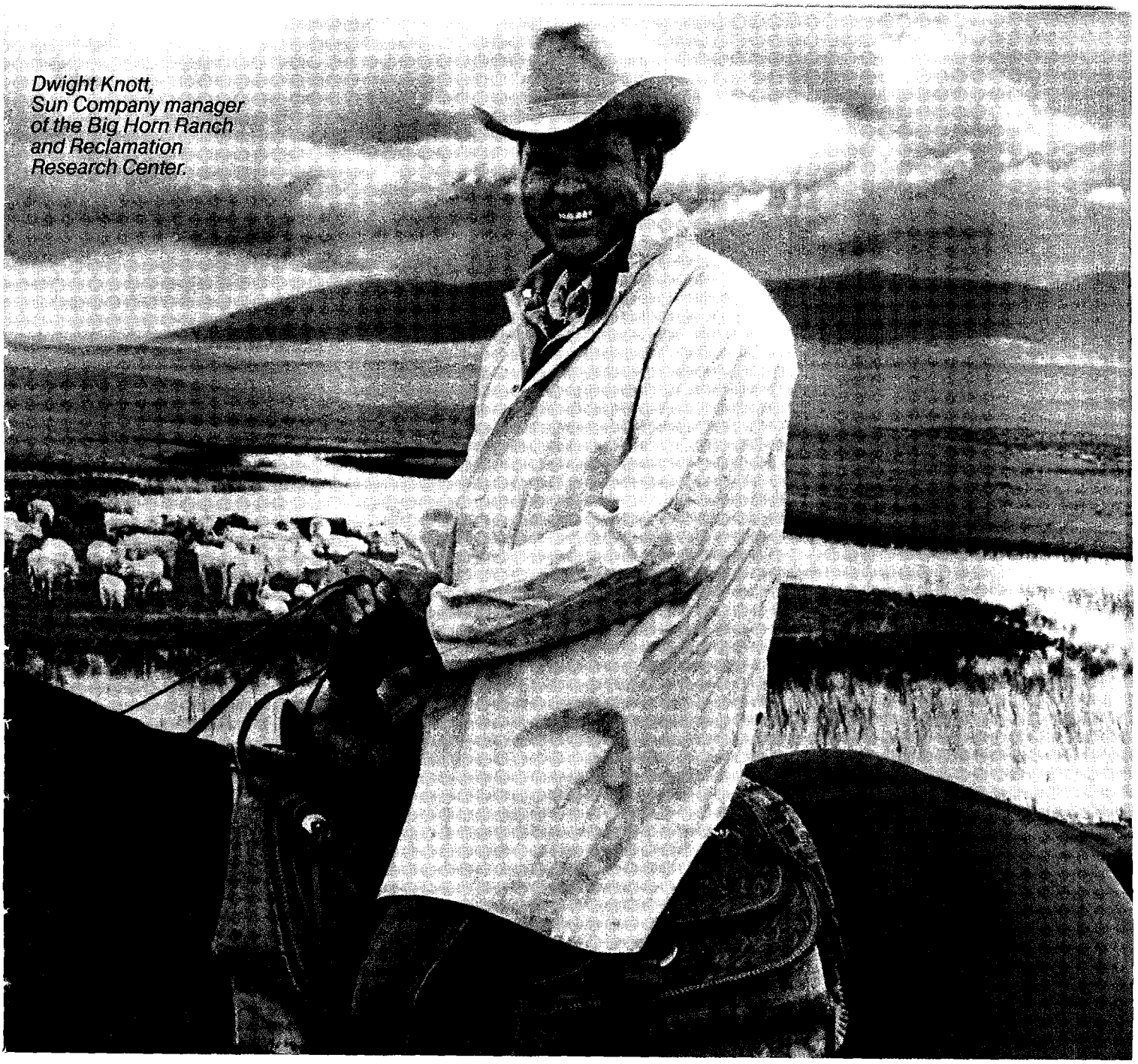

Dwight Knott, Sun Company manager of the Big Horn Ranch and Reclamation Research Center.

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